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WILD
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Country Joe et.
&
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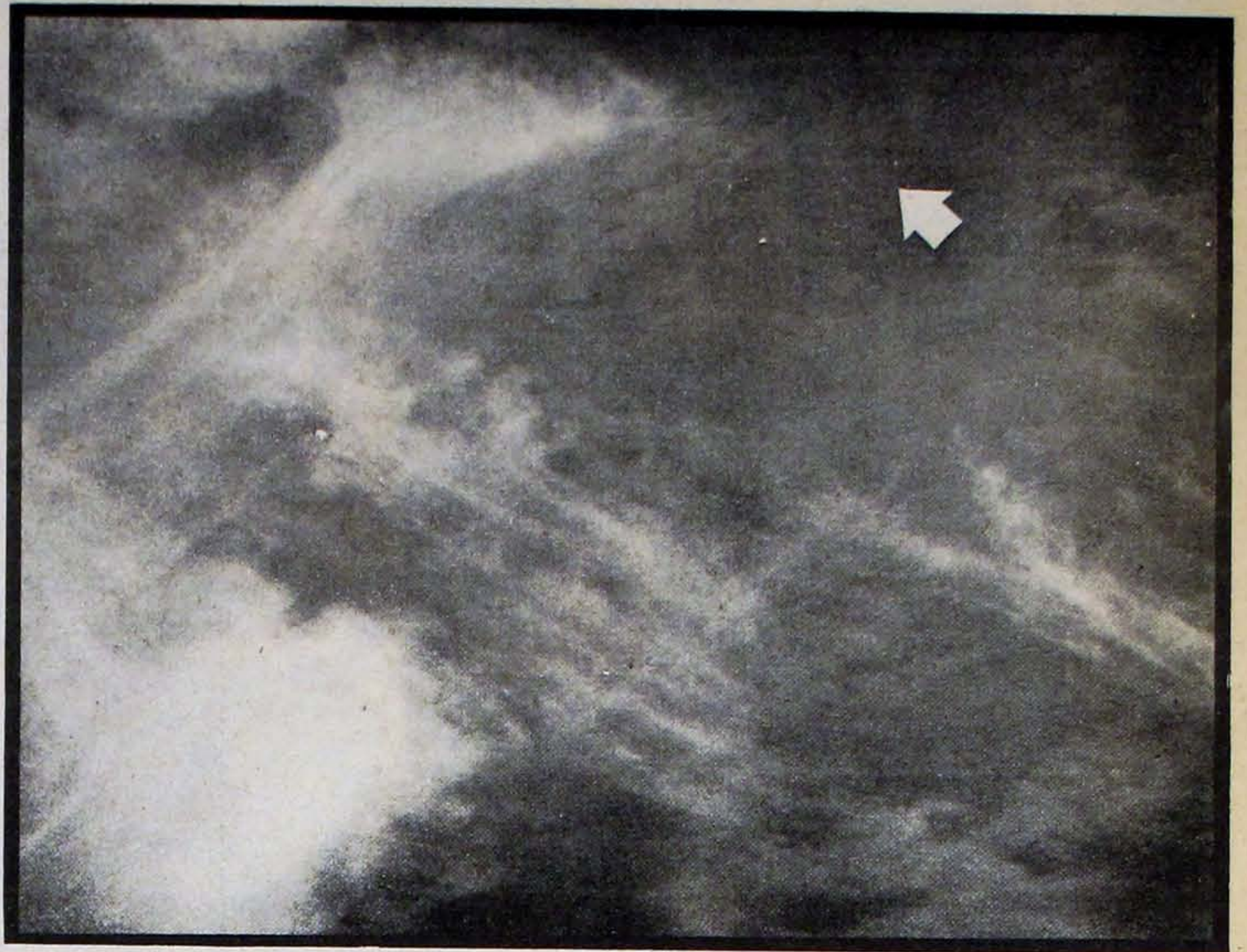
appearing
at

1. eagles . . . (Fri. Eve. 26th
Sat. Eve. 27th)
2. piano drop . (Sun aft. 28th
near Duwall)

(map and details inside)

PEACE.....

PIANO DROP



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A PIANO WILL DROP

**april
28**

if you need transportation or can provide it

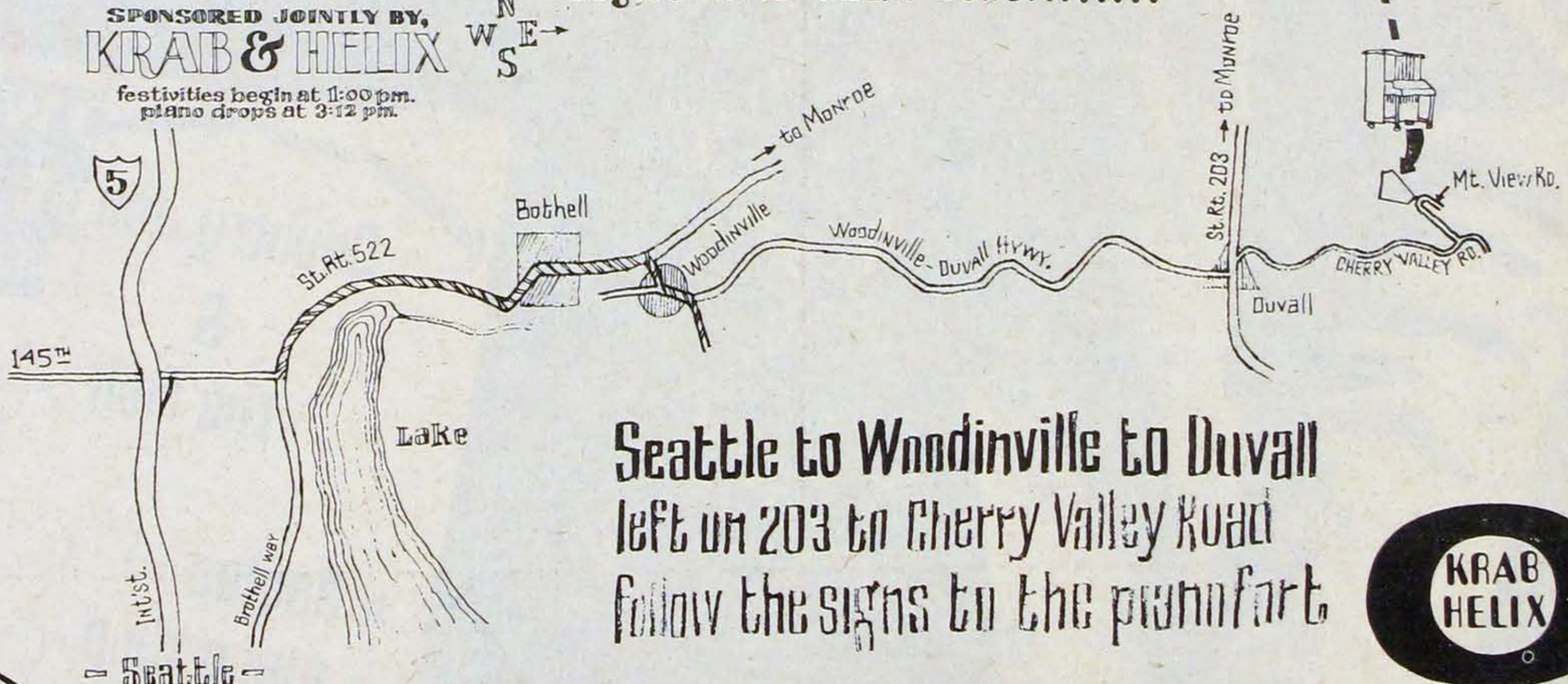
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**PIANO
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festivities begin at 1:00 pm.
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\$1 adm. or a ticket from the April 21
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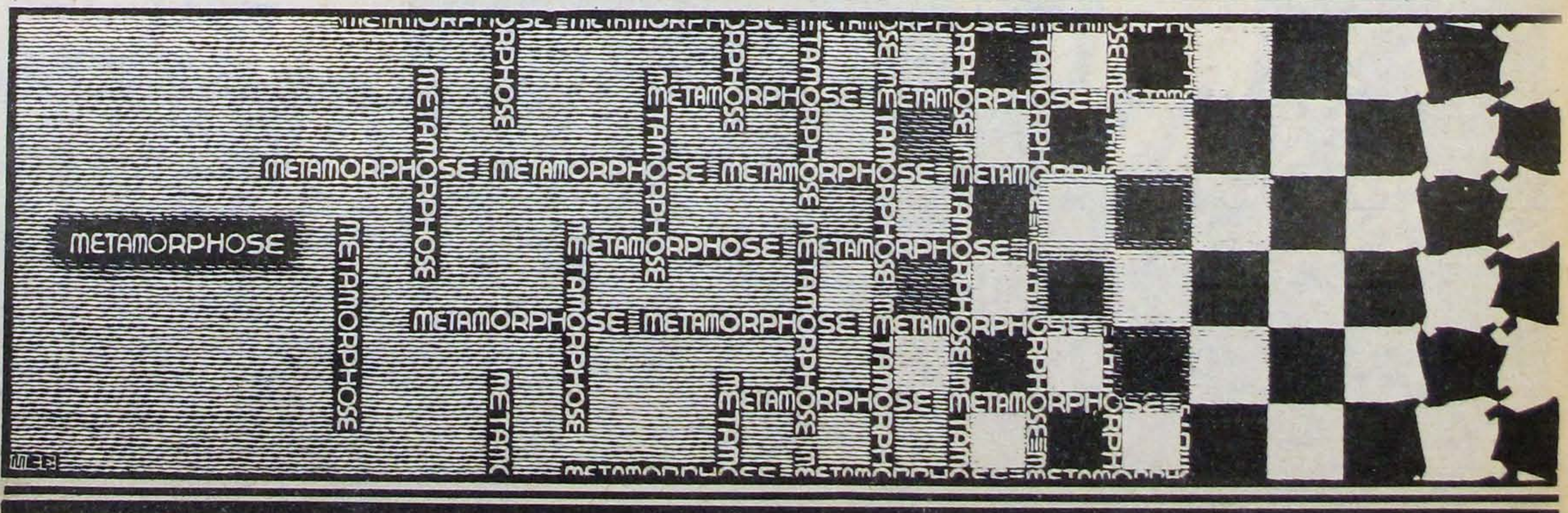


Seattle to Woodinville to Duwall
left on 203 to Cherry Valley Road
follow the signs to the piano fort

**KRAB
HELIX**

COUNTRY JOE and THE FISH

RESCUE



THE major SOURCE

At almost regular intervals, someone is always dropping out of the city scene to get back to the earth; become one again with Nature as it were, and so it was with the "Freeman" family. The group, known in more prosperous times as "Mother Mariana's Light and Shadow Co.," dropped out in the Fall of 1967 to the area of Sequim in Clallam County for the simple purpose of stoning their head without hassling their mind. Big Deal. Following are some of the facts about their welfare subsequent to this migration, and, while the info is true to the best of our knowledge, the names have been changed to protect the guilty, some of whose actions are still pending in Clallam County courts. TIME: Sometime ago--not long. PLACE: Blynn, Washington. CIRCUMSTANCES: (As told to Helix by J. C. Freeman) The Mother Mariana Tribe migrated from the city to mother earth in the country to grow happy and loose and intermingle with the Lost Mt. and Deer Park Tribes, but was interrupted by getting caught with their license plates down, and J. C. Freeman was, as a result, crammed into the County Cage for lack of pertinent driving papers and arrested in add for old warrants. Having compassion for what he knew to be the state of his fellow tribesman's head, Christopher, marijuana seed Freeman visited with certain gifts. Violating all the rules of fair play, the Sheriff busted his own jail and found insignificant quantities of illegal narcotic serious mind-warping pleasure-oriented evil; to wit, marijuana, and said it belonged to the Freeman inmate because the sheriff himself didn't smoke.

A warrant was promptly issued for the Freeman farmhouse, which had been laid on them rent free for a year in lieu of lights and heat in quarters. The fuzz came upon women and children, a magic hookah, medicine bag and a sack of eucalyptus leaves, all of which were arrested.

Medicine Tom Freeman, fortunately, was away visiting Morgan the Giant teenybopper Freeman, meanwhile in city jail, where he had been placed for leaving his kids in his car while passing the time of day with Major Watson Freeman, Medicine Tom thus escaping the law west of pudget sound.

Even though the eucalyptus wasn't grass, the 3 lbs. of seeds in the bag were which prompted the head fuzz to proclaim to the papers (straight) "I have apprehended, I believe, the major source of marijuana on the peninsula" and he told the radio audience of greater pudget, the title of which being Pot in Port Angeles "marijuana is addictive and leads to acts of vandalism." These are approximate quotes.

Anyway, the charges were generously dropped against the women and children, but they were not allowed to return to their home because it was "unsanitary" probably because there was no juice or running water (such as the wagon trains of the sturdy pioneers were equipped with.)

Results: Christopher marijuana seed Freeman was released -- charges dismissed in Clallam Co. but was shipped to Oregon for posesh 'n' sale of demon pot. Medicine Tom Freeman has judiciously disappeared, but, being known to the writer, he is undoubtedly carrying out his good works elsewhere uninterrupted. The child-neglecting Morgan the giant teenybopper Freeman is now free and with his family after spending a week in jail for his dastardly crime.

J. C. Freeman, to whom credit goes for most of this information, is now out on bond having copped a plea to possession of drugs without the mayor's prescription (misdemeanor max. 6 mos., \$250). The man promises deferral, J. C. waits uneasily, looking like Uncle Sam's nephew. Life goes on.

NOTA: MAN IS THE INTELLIGENCE OF HIS REPRESSION. The PUBLIC SAFETY BUILDING -- we have noted before -- is for the PROTECTION OF THE POLICE. The MODEL CITIES COMMITTEE on CRIME CORRECTIONS AND POLICE COMMUNITY RELATIONS published the wrong time for their meeting last April 10th. The 8pm looked like a 3 pm. Noreen - the only policewoman on the POLICE COMMUNITY RELATIONS UNIT - attended the first meeting at the East Cherry YMCA, but refused to attend the second because, the chairman of the committee reported, the head of the Unit claimed it "was too dangerous." Considering the nature of the Unit and the fact that CAMP Block Workers frequently get requests from central area residents for a police community-relations unit (even though there is one) and that there were other women there that night. We repeat that THE PUBLIC SAFETY UNIT IS PRINCIPALLY FOR THE SAFETY OF THE POLICE.

POLAND REVISITED

When JEFFERSON POLAND came to SHORLINE COMMUNITY COLLEGE early in April to talk about the Sexual Freedom League, he brought with him a film of nudist colony activities to show on campus. It sounded like a far out idea and it turns out that it really was.

After seven administrators, two students and one faculty member previewed the film on April 4, the day before Poland's scheduled talk, the showing of it was rejected. The reason for the film ban still remains a mystery surrounded by a cloud of dissent and dissatisfaction on the part of students and faculty. The reason given to Poland was that the film was not presented with enough time to consult the students about showing it. Poland termed this 'polite but vague' and 'unfortunate but typical.'

Administrative officials charged that they had been 'used.' Poland presented the film and stated 'it would make no difference' to his presentation according to Dean of Students, Doane Blair. Blair also said that Poland will not be invited to Shoreline again. 'Anyone participating in this kind of action is not welcome on this campus,' he stated.

Supposedly this tale was to end after Poland gave his speech-- which postponed to April 8 due to the assassination of Dr. Martin Luther King--and shouted 'censorship.' But a member of the Shoreline faculty became curious as to any value the film might have and asked Poland to leave the film on campus. Poland agreed.

The faculty association was then asked to view the film on April 16 and discuss it, possibly to make recommendations on showing it to students. Rumor of its showing spread around campus and nearly 100 students showed up to see it too. Faculty association President Don McVay called the presence of the students a 'gross misunderstanding' and asked the students to leave. McVay said that due to an administrative decision, the film was not to be shown to students. What happened to the idea of consulting the student voice?

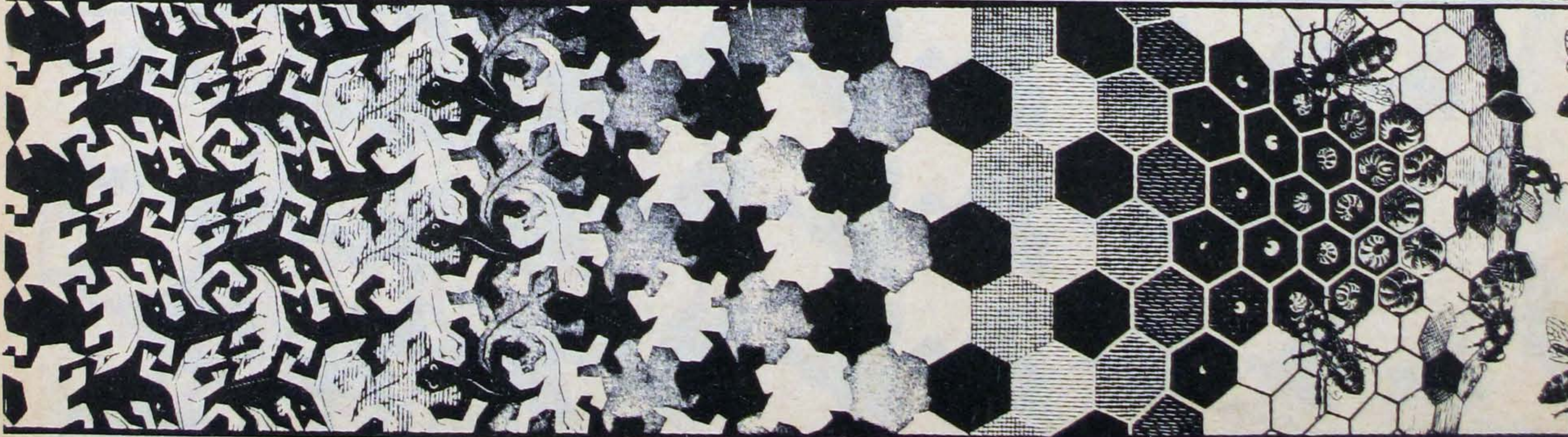
At a council meeting later in the day, Blair flatly stated, 'the decision is made, the film is not going to be shown.' The council then acted to set up a committee of three faculty and two students to 'direct its attention to the problems of censorship.'

Evidently the idea of consulting with the students was never really considered. The issue then divides into two parts; censorship on campus and censorship of student opinions and ideas.

A meeting of the faculty association on April 22 produced some 'healthy dialogue' on the subject of censorship according to one member in attendance. The meeting opened with a special vote of the association to eject Jon Echols, editor of the student newspaper, Ebttide. The overwhelming vote came after a recommendation by college President Richard White that he not be able to sit in on the meeting. Thus actual results of the closed meeting were not made available.

In a statement issued today by Dr. White, he stated, 'In my judgment, the film is in extremely bad taste if not indecent and therefore, inappropriate for showing on this campus.' He denied the statement that his office used the rationale of consulting students as justification for banning the film.

The controversy remains unsolved except for the administrative mandate that THE FILM WILL NOT BE SHOWN PERIOD.



CLEAVER TEACHES

4

What is the nature of the BPP coalition w/Alameda Peace and Freedom Party?

The coalition is based on the recognition of the dual status of so-called minority people in this country. The point is that black people, Mexican-Americans and Puerto Ricans do have this paper status in this country; on paper they're entitled to the vote, on paper they're citizens, etc., but in actual fact they also have a national consciousness that develops out of their oppression so that in the black and Mexican-American communities today, much organizing is going on centered around the national consciousness, and a neglected aspect has been this paper status that we have. We felt it would not be inconsistent with our goals if at the same time that we developed our organizations around our national consciousness, we also got whatever mileage could be gotten out of this paper status. All issues relating to the national question we defined as non-negotiable issues of self-determination. The PFP has to recognize that when it comes to questions and issues that concern the black community solely, over which black people must have final say, this is not a negotiable issue and should not be run through machinery that is meant for negotiations. So that our suggestion was that we work in terms of a coalition on those items.

There is a move afoot now to use the united front as a tactic in organizing the black community, to unify the whole black community if possible. Does this pose a special problem, do you think?

I think that there is a danger involved in the great desire for black unity, which is that some people become so overly optimistic, because to them black unity is so desirable they cannot understand how anyone would work against it. But I think we have to realize that in the black community we have people who are just as vicious and degenerate as Chiang Kai-Shek or Battista ever were, and that these people would never become part of a united front, and they would only join a united front to subvert it. When you start talking about building a united front and bringing every black man in the black community into this united front, I think you're chasing an illusion. At the same time, this may be the proper posture that one must

CONT. THIRD COLUMN, THIS PAGE



On the night of April 6, 1968, a 17-year old black youth named Bobby James Hutton, Treasurer of the Black Panther Party, was murdered by Oakland police and his colleague, Eldridge Cleaver, Black Panther Minister of Information, was wounded. Oakland police claim that at about 9 p.m., officers in a patrol car "spotted a Negro crouching down behind a parked automobile," and that when they stopped to investigate, other blacks opened fire on them. The police then launched an attack on a nearby house into which some of the blacks had fled. The Black Panther Party, of which Hutton and Cleaver were members, states that the original incident was a police set-up, as confirmed by the fact that floodlights, machine-guns and a large number of police appeared on the scene almost immediately after the patrol car entered the neighborhood. The Panthers did not attack the police; they did defend themselves, as is their policy.

Police fired on the house and tear-gassed it for 90 minutes, then set it on fire. The men inside announced they were coming out. Bobby Hutton emerged from the burning house half-naked unarmed (as Police later confirmed) and with his hands in the air. He stepped into the police searchlight and was shot dead by a volley of bullets. His body was struck by 2 anti-riot gun blasts and a total of 16 other projectiles. Eldridge Cleaver came out also unarmed, holding his hands in the air and totally naked (to avoid being shot on the pretext that he carried concealed weapons); when he heard the shots and saw Bobby fall he turned to run back into the house, he was fired on and wounded in the leg. Cleaver and eight others were arrested.

Kathleen Cleaver gave her husband's eyewitness report of the slaying of Bobby Hutton: "My husband told Bobby to strip naked and walk out of the house as the only way to avoid getting shot," Mrs. Cleaver said. "Bobby was too modest to do that and went out with his clothes on. The police ordered him to come toward a squad car and when he did they shot him down. His body fell in the driveway of the house next door. If he had really been armed they would have shot him right away, and he would never have reached the door next door. My husband believes that the only reason he was not killed was that he did walk out of the building naked."

After being wounded Mr. Cleaver was first taken to two hospitals, then to San Quentin and finally to Vacaville prison. During this time he was refused the right to counsel. He was finally charged with 2 counts of assault and intent to commit murder.

SEATTLE PANTHERS

A Black Panther Party has been organized in Seattle. Local Captain of the Panthers, Aaron Dixon, said the Panthers are needed in Seattle to really represent the Black Community and protect it from police brutality. The Seattle Panthers, as their Oakland brothers, will work closely with the Student Non Violent Coordinating Committee (headed by Carl Miller) and the Black Students Union (headed by E. J. Brisker).

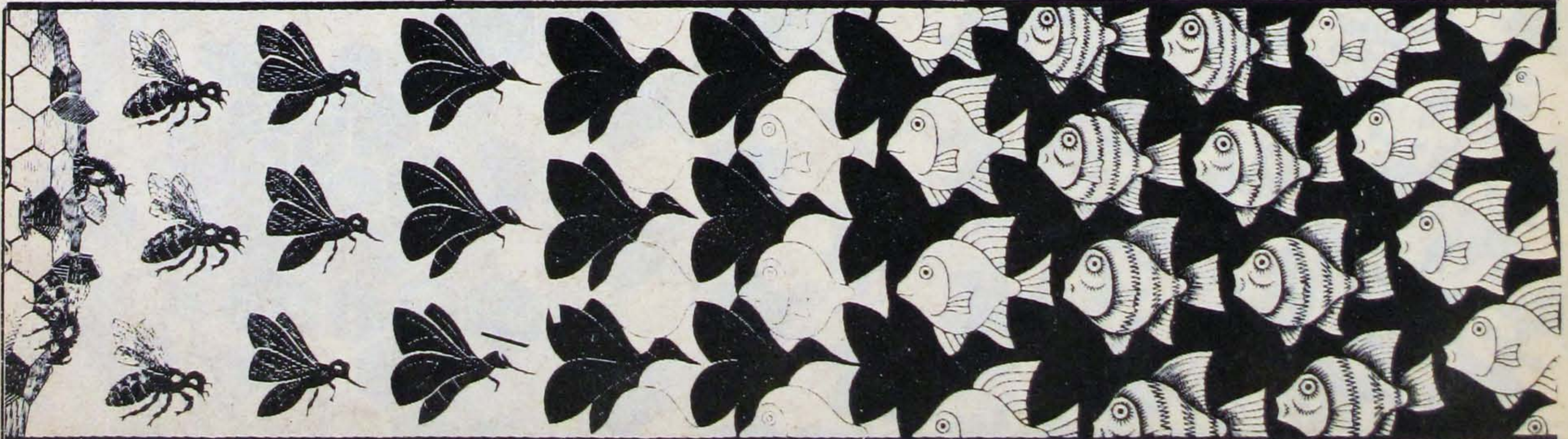
The Party was organized after a hectic week-end of meeting here in

Seattle with Bobby Seale, Chairman of the Black Panthers, and Jimmy Garrett, West Coast Coordinator of the Black Student Union. Garrett, in his speech on the U of W campus, said that Black Power and the Panthers is based on love for black people and the protection of black children. He defined the role of the black college student as essential in the education of his people for survival: "...to survive the Black Man must see himself as a Warrior..."

On the same day as the Seattle City council was hastily passing an emergency Open Housing Act, Garrett warned the audience, "...liberals are just going to have to take their chances..." He said the Blacks don't necessarily want the right to move into white neighborhoods and houses, but demand the right and the opportunity to live in houses "...that move like a Coltrane solo or the Supremes ...", the right to be Black and Beautiful and not beige and washed-out.

maintain in order to make manifest the disruptive elements within the community. So that we say okay, let's push the black united front, and we'll go with you all the way, but let's be on our toes and be wary of the enemies within so that when they make themselves manifest we move against them. There are classes within the black community; they're not as elaborate and as stable as the class division within the white community because they don't have as strong an economic base, but they do exist. They have various interests that conflict with the interests of the black masses, and they're going to guard these very jealously. We call on the black bourgeoisie to come home, we leave the door open for them to come home, but I think that we have to assume that a lot of them are not going to.

FROM THE GUARDIAN





ELDRIDGE CLEAVER

From SOUL ON ICE by Eldridge Cleaver, Minister of Information for the Black Panther Party for Self-Defense. SOUL ON ICE was published in 1968 by McGraw-Hill Book Co.

"...the pressing social problems which are feeding the conflagration raging in America's soul...can no longer be compromised or swept cleverly under that national rug of self-delusion. The possibility of concealment no longer exists, and the only ones deceived are the deceivers themselves. Those who are victimized by these "social problems"-- the Negroes, the aged, unemployed and unemployable, the poor, the miseducated and dissatisfied students, the haters of war and lovers of men -- have flung back the rug in outraged rebellion, refusing to be silenced until their grievances are uncompromisingly redressed. America has come alive deep down in its raw guts, and vast contending forces of revolutionary momentum are squaring off in this land for decisive showdowns from which no one can purchase sanctuary.

At the same time, the link between America's undercover support of colonialism abroad and the bondage of the Negro at home becomes increasingly clearer. Those who are primarily concerned with improving the Negro's condition recognize, as do proponents of the liquidation of America's neo-colonial network, that their fight is one and the same. They see the key contradiction of our time...

The world capitalist system has come to a decisive fork in the road, and this is at the heart of our national crisis. The road to the left is the way of reconciliation with the exploited people of the world, the liberation of all peoples, the dismantling of all economic relations based upon the exploitation of man by man, universal disarmament, and the establishment of international rule of law with effective means of enforcement.

The road to the right is refusal to submit to the universal demand for national liberation, economic justice, peace, and popular sovereignty. To walk this last path, the decision-makers must be prepared to unleash worldwide genocide, including the extermination of America's Negroes. The people within these countries who try to stand against the will of the overwhelming majority of the human race must be willing to forego the last traces of their own liberty and see their governments turned into totalitarian regimes tolerating no dissent. The rage of the American power structure over the exercise of the constitutional right to dissent, to assemble and peacefully petition against Johnson's war in Vietnam, is only a mild taste of the hemlock the people will be forced to swallow if they allow their country to go down the death-seeking branch of the fork.

...The police department and the armed forces are the two arms of the power structure, the muscles of control and enforcement...The techniques of the enforcers are many: firing squads, gas chambers, electric chairs, torture chambers, the garrote, the guillotine, the tightening rope around your throat...The police do on the domestic level what the armed forces do on the international level: protect the way of life of those in power. The police patrol the city, cordon off

SOUL ON ICE

communities, blockade neighborhoods, invade homes, search for what is hidden. The armed forces patrol the world, invade countries and continents, cordon off nations, blockade islands and whole peoples; they will also overrun villages, neighborhoods, enter homes, huts, caves, searching for that which is hidden. The policeman and the soldier will violate your person, smoke you out with various gases. Each will shoot you, beat your head and body with sticks and clubs, with rifle butts, run you through with bayonets, shoot holes in your flesh, kill you. They each have unlimited firepower. They will use all that is necessary to bring you to your knees...If you resist their sticks, they draw their guns. Eventually they will come in tanks, in jets, in ships. They will not rest until you surrender or are killed...

In their rage against the police, against police brutality, the blacks lose sight of the fundamental reality: that the police are only an instrument for the implementation of the policies of those who make the decisions. Police brutality is only one facet of the crystal of terror and oppression. Behind police brutality there is social brutality, economic brutality, and political brutality...

What is true on the international level is true also at home; except that the ace up the sleeve is easier to detect in the international arena. Who would maintain that American soldiers are in Vietnam on their own motion? They were conscripted into the armed forces and taught the wisdom of obeying orders...They have him wired-up tight with the slogans of TV and the World Series...Same for the policeman in Watts. He is not there on his own. They have all been assigned. They have been told what to do and what not to do.

...Both police and armed forces follow orders. Orders. Orders flow from the top down. Up there, behind closed doors, in antechambers, in conference rooms, gavels bang on the tables, the tinkling of silver decanters can be heard as icewater is poured by well-fed, conservatively dressed men in horn-rimmed glasses, fashionably dressed American widows with rejuvenated faces and tinted hair, the air permeated with the square humor of Bob Hope jokes. Here all the talking is done, all the thinking, all the deciding. Gray rabbits of men scurry forth from the conference room to spread the decisions throughout the city as News. Carrying out orders is a job, a way of meeting the payments on the house, a way of providing for one's kiddies. In the armed forces it is also a duty, patriotism. Not to do so is treason...

To complicate matters, there are also rich people and poor people in America. There are Negroes and Whites, Indians, Puerto Ricans, Mexicans, Jews, Chinese, Arabs, Japanese -- all with equal rights but unequal possessions. Some are haves and some are have-nots. All have been taught to worship at the shrine of General Motors. The whites are on top in America and they want to stay there, up there. They are also on top in the world, on the international level, and they want to stay up there, too...Everywhere the whites are fighting to prolong their status, to retard the erosion of their position...In America, when everything else fails, they call out the police. On the international level, when everything else fails, they call out the armed forces...



KATHLEEN CLEAVER

The police are the armed guardians of the social order. The blacks are the chief domestic victims of the American social order...An economy consecrated to the succor of the whites. Blacks are incidental. The war on poverty, that monstrous insult to the rippling muscles in a black man's arms, is an index of how men actually sit down and plot each other's deaths, actually sit down with slide rules and calculate how to hide bread from the hungry. And the black bourgeoisie greedily sopping up what crumbs are tossed into their dark corner.

...One tactic by which the rulers of America have kept the bemused millions of Negroes in optimum subjugation has been a conscious, systematic emasculation of Negro leadership. Through an elaborate system of sanctions, rewards, penalties, and persecutions -- with, more often than not, members of the black bourgeoisie acting as hatchet men -- any Negro who sought leadership over the black masses and refused to become a tool of the white power structure was either cast into prison, killed, hounded out of the country, or blasted into obscurity and isolation in his own land and among his own people. His isolation was assured by publicity boycotts alternated with character assassination in the mass media, and by the fratricidal power plays of Uncle Toms who control the Negro community on behalf of the white power structure. The classic illustrations of this quash-the-black-militant policy are the careers of Marcus Garvey, WEB DuBois, and Paul Robeson. (Editor's note: Huey Newton, H. Rap Brown, Le Roi Jones, and others today.)

...A young white today cannot help but recoil from the base deeds of his people. On every side, on every continent, he sees racial arrogance, savage brutality toward the conquered and subjugated people, genocide; he sees the human cargo of the slave trade; he sees the systematic extermination of the American Indians...There seems to be no end to the ghastly deeds of which his people are guilty. GUILTY. The slaughter of the Jews by the Germans, the dropping of atomic bombs on the Japanese people -- these deeds weigh heavily upon the prostrate souls and tumultuous consciences of the white youth...The young whites know that the colored people of the world, Afro-Americans included, do not seek revenge for their suffering. They seek the same things the white rebel wants: an end to war, an end to exploitation. Black and white, the young rebels are free people, free in a way that Americans have never been before in the history of their country. And they are outraged.

There is in America today a generation of white youth that is truly worthy of a black man's respect and this is a rare event in the foul annals of American history...respect commands itself and it can neither be given nor withheld when it is due. If a man like Malcolm X could change and repudiate racism, if I myself and other former Muslims can change, if young whites can change, then there is hope for America. It was certainly strange to find myself, while steeped in the doctrine that all whites were devils by nature, commanded by the heart to applaud and acknowledge respect for these young whites -- despite the fact that they are descendants of the masters and I the descendant of slave. The sins of the fathers are visited upon the heads of the children -- but only if the children continue in the evil deeds of the fathers..."

FROM THE GUARDIAN





DR

In response to the blanket leafleting of 27 area high schools with pamphlets giving possible alternatives to the draft and arguments against the War, the Seattle Police did receive several angry phone calls from irate citizens. Following their mandate to serve and protect the public the Police visited the office of Draft Resistance Seattle on Roosevelt. Immediately upon entering, the investigating officers were confronted with the poster (see above) of one of their own breaking the law in a moment of harmless fun. One of the officers blushed at this display and asked not to be judged. The other suggested to Pat Ruckert that he think twice about continuing to sell the poster. Their investigation somewhat deflated--the officers closed the door quietly and departed.



SCUM IS

Monday morning, 6:30 and a long time sleepless, I walked into the Draft Resistance office. The International April Days of Resistance were beginning, and we had about 20,000 leaflets to distribute to 35 high schools in the High Hope that a couple of billion dollars worth of war machinery might choose not to run in '68.

I was given a stack of DR IADR calendars of events, and informed that I would go to Sammamish High. Someone mentioned in passing that the last DR neople to visit Good Sam had found themselves surrounded by a knot of patriotic high school jocks--brief vision of White Cashmere Virgins waving fragmentation pom-poms--but what the hell, I enjoy young people.

Six of us arrived at Sammamish a little early, and clustered by the car; cars and school buses unloaded on school grounds, and there was a little nervous discussion of private property & police. I, feeling more token flower child than radical reporter, suddenly remembered that I was holding and went carefully through all pockets.

Suddenly someone said, "Here comes the Principal." I turned to see the very model of the modern administrator-executive, apologetic progeny of a union between McNamara and Mr. Bumble, bearing down on us. He spoke excitedly of "you people" and private property & police, and left when we withdrew to the corner of the schoolyard. We talked for a while, decided we couldn't waste the trip, and went back when the busses started to arrive. The kids took the leaflets automatically--first throwaway mimeo of the day--but behind me I could hear grunts and laughter as they found out what the sheets were.

A couple of students--one with sideburns and a moustache--gave us a few words of encouragement, but made it fairly clear that it wouldn't be cool for them to pass leaflets out in school; one of them mimed a fairly graphic assault & battery.

A tall student, maybe fifteen or sixteen, came stomping indignantly up, wanting to know what in the hell this stuff was, and boldly informing us that he would fight if called and was by no means chickenshit. One of the leafleters--British and somewhat older than the rest of us--got out a few words criticizing our policy in Vietnam, and his opponent promptly agreed that it was a lousy and fucked up war. They drifted away and I missed the rest of the discussion.

One chick, carrying a pad of musical manuscript paper, asked for a stack to distribute at lunch time, confided "I'm Nicky," and walked off; most of the girls just giggled and whispered to each other.

Shortly before school began the Man arrived. Two patrol cars pulled up, three police walked over, the students crowded around, the Principal rushed out, and I checked my pockets one more time.

Authority reinforced, the Principal immediately began trying to establish a relationship parallel to the administrator-student relationship. "When would you say I told you to leave the premises?" "Wouldn't you say it was about half an hour ago?" In an authoritarian system, an admission of technical guilt automatically implies complete vulnerability. The whole process was sort of pointless--the police asked us to leave and we did and that's all--but it was rather interesting as one of various administration responses which ranged from a vice-Principal at Montlake Terrace grabbing a stack of leaflets from a girl, to a Principal who helped put the leaflets up on the bulletin board.

When one of the police took a leaflet and began to read, the others, looking somewhat ill at ease and rather hesitant, also took one apiece; when the first finished and handed his back, the others did the same. ...2,3, KICK.

As we straggled off, a huge crowd of students staring at our backs, one young American began shouting "scum!" and something about our leaflets "not being fit to walk on," which might have been appropriate if we'd been distributing polemical pamphlets, but sounded a little artificial when applied to a schedule of leftist happenings. He didn't seem to notice, and yelled something about "scum" again.

jc

DR ————— SDS

April 20 and 21, 130 activists from Bellingham, Seattle, Portland, Eugene, Pullman, Missoula and points in-between descended on the University of Washington for what was billed as the "Northwest Students for a Democratic Society - Draft Resistance Conference." Participants came in hopes of improving communications, find out where the movement is at and planning a coordinated summer action project for the northwest. Judged by these aims most participants felt the conference was at least 2/3 successful.

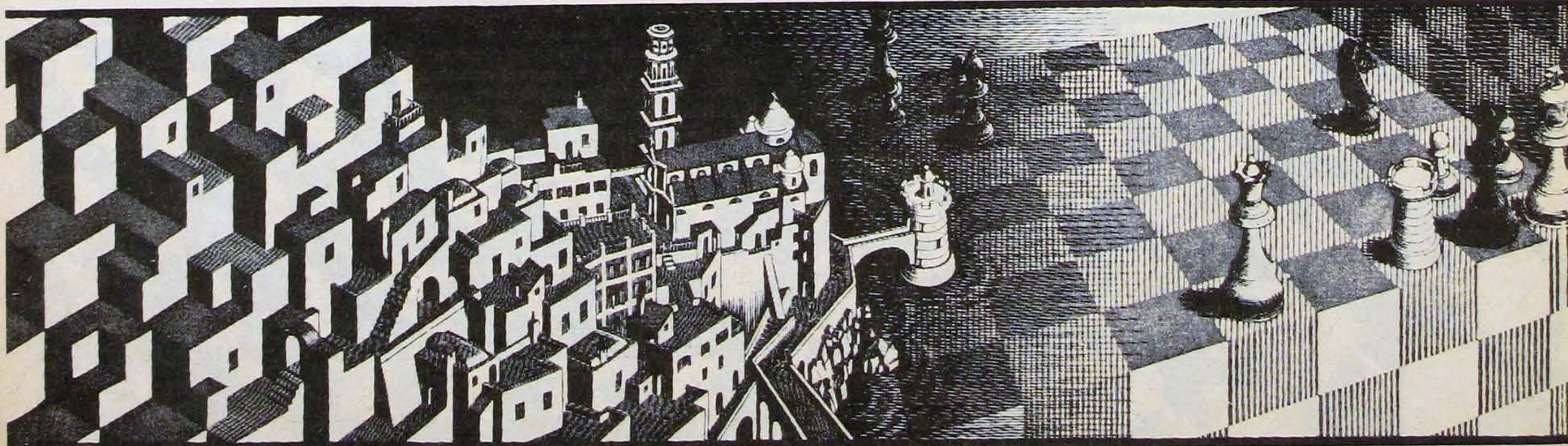
Featured speakers were Todd Gitlin, a national leader of SDS and Jimmy Garrett, coordinator for the western region of the Black Student Union and member of the Black Panther Party of California. Workshops were planned around community and campus organizing, high school level organizing, response to government repression (which was canceled), women's liberation, draft resistance (tactical and technical problems), labor organizing and electoral politics. The discussion in the workshops was characterized by lots of ideas and little agreement or resolution.

The electoral workshop came to only one point of complete agreement; McCarthy and/or Kennedy are not the answer to anything. Imperialists with kid gloves is seen as their role. But the question of how to react and relate to the national ritual of presidential elections wasn't answered; ignore the elections? build a California-style Peace and Freedom Party? Educate around or organize against Kennedy and McCarthy? Support the Socialist Workers Party candidates? All of these questions were raised, none were fully resolved.

The workshop which raised the most interest was women's liberation, prepared by the Radical Women, a newly-formed Seattle group. For many conference participants it was their first introduction to the problem of women's inequality in the U.S. and the movement.

The final products of the conference were an increased understanding of where the movement is in the northwest, where it has come from and where its at now. Where its going, in terms of an area-wide joint SDS-DR project for the summer, was left hanging. A northwest communications-coordination plan was set up, what to coordinate still remains.

SOUND OF



FIX

TWO YEARS BEFORE THE MAST, OR A JOURNEY INTO THE FAR EAST DEPARTMENT

The University of Washington is in danger of losing another one of its professors in the Far East field. Dr. Edward Conze, Professor of India studies in the Department of Far Eastern and Russian Languages, may not return to this campus next fall. The official reason would be the failure of our State Department to grant him permanent residence status. But the real reasons touch upon the sensitive area of academic freedom. The case is not dissimilar to John Spellman's, the young Assistant Professor of Indian History, who was dismissed from his post last year.

The Far East Dept. as it stands today is largely the creation of the genius of one man, Professor George Taylor. For nearly fifteen years he has been chairman of this department, and as a capable administrator, if not a brilliant one, he has run a tidy and trim ship. But at a price. Letters to Seattle newspapers over the years have noted that none of the professors in the Far East Dept. have taken a public stand against the war in Vietnam. These same men are reputed to be experts in their field, yet they remain silent. The pro-war faction in Seattle interprets this silence as assent by the rest of the department to Prof. Taylor's public and consistent support of Johnson Administration policy. This is, however, not the actual state of affairs. The real reason for silence is fear...fear of losing one's job.

The Far East Dept. is particularly open to the influence of Washington, D.C., because it is researching an area of the world which is of vital interest to the American military. For many years Prof. Taylor has exercised a great deal of influence in Washington, as one of "our men" on the China problem. In return, the Far East Dept. received a substantial amount of State Dept. secret funds. This was revealed in Seattle Magazine last year, and was subsequently denied by Prof. Taylor. When an academic institution accepts money from a government agency, especially when this is done in a clandestine manner, that institution invites government control. Under Prof. Taylor's chairmanship, the prosperity of the Far East Dept. increased over the years, and of necessity, the Department took a hard-line anti-communist pro-war stand.

In order to build up his department, Prof. Taylor recruited some great names in the field of Oriental scholarship from among the refugees of Nazi Germany and the Soviet Union. These scholars, fearing that permission to remain in this country could be revoked at any time, were easily intimidated into silence. Their only refuge was the ivory tower of pure research. And this game was profitable, provided the rules were observed. These men gained the U.W. a national reputation in this field, which was not undeserved. But officially, the Department became a mouth piece for State Dept. foreign policy.

Other means were found to insure political orthodoxy. Certain young professors were hired, not on the basis of their academic credentials, but on the basis of their political reliability. Another method of intimidation was used, one which is unknown to many but which proved very successful back in the days of the loyalty oath controversy. If a professor has tenure, he may not be fired except for grave violations of the code of academic conduct. Living with a woman outside of wedlock is such a violation. This is, however, not a situation in which many U.W. professors find themselves. Secure in his tenure, a professor may then discover, suprisingly enough, that his salary is not paid out of the regular budget, but out of some special fund. It is then suggested to him, that these funds have a way of drying up. He will still have his tenure, but no salary. This subtle form of intimidation had been used in some departments against professors who would not sign the loyalty oath. It has been used since then.

Once political conformity is attained, then the boundless flow of funds from Washington D.C. is assured. This practice is in line with university policy in general, and is unfortunately one of the weaknesses of state supported colleges and universities. The academy is dependent upon politicians for their operating funds. The university becomes extremely sensitive to political

criticism, especially from the Right, which would in any way effect the voting of a budget by the state legislature. A phone call from the owner of the Oakland Tribune and former campaign manager of Barry Goldwater, was sufficient to coerce the Berkeley Administration into revoking the right of student political groups to set up tables on campus. These tables had been in use over many years, and were instrumental in recruiting volunteers for the civil rights movement in the South. This action precipitated the Berkeley student demonstrations of 1964. In reaction to the demonstrations, the California legislature began cutting funds to higher education.

In the same vein, a directive was circulated among the faculty of the U.W., stating that no faculty member was to make controversial public statements while the state legislature was considering the U.W. budget. In this way, the politicians, especially the one's of a more conservative learning, are able to maintain a strangle hold over academic freedom. Out academicians are not always known for their moral courage. Nourished from birth on our consumer-oriented culture, they buy houses, cars, televisions, and so on, until they find themselves living beyond their means. In debt and with families to support, they are easily intimidated by any threat to their job.

There was one professor who was not so intimidated, and nearly two years he was outspoken on many controversial issues; issues such as the Vietnam war, the draft, LSD, hippies, freedom of speech, etc. This was Dr. John Spellman, late of the U.W. History Dept. His public stands appeared in print, and on radio and TV. Prof. Spellman had suggested that the legalization of marijuana might be a wise course of action from the sociological and civil libertarian standpoint. One Seattle newspaper editorial fumed that such a suggestion was an actual breach of academic freedom. There is some strange thinking in this provincial capital.

Prof. Spellman's outspokenness won him many enemies. It also won him many friends. It was difficult to feel neutral about John Spellman. One either loved him or one hated him. This accounts for the vindictiveness in the behind-the-scenes process which lead to his removal.

It is not a difficult matter to rid the university of an assistant professor. He is not under tenure, and so when his contract expires, it is simply not renewed. But it was not enough for Spellman's enemies to have him dropped quietly. Assistant professors are let go for many reasons, at times, it is because his colleagues do not like him. In Spellman's case, it was felt necessary to literally smash him with a secret report attacking his academic credentials. Originating in the Far East Dept., this report, some fifty pages long, was circulated among

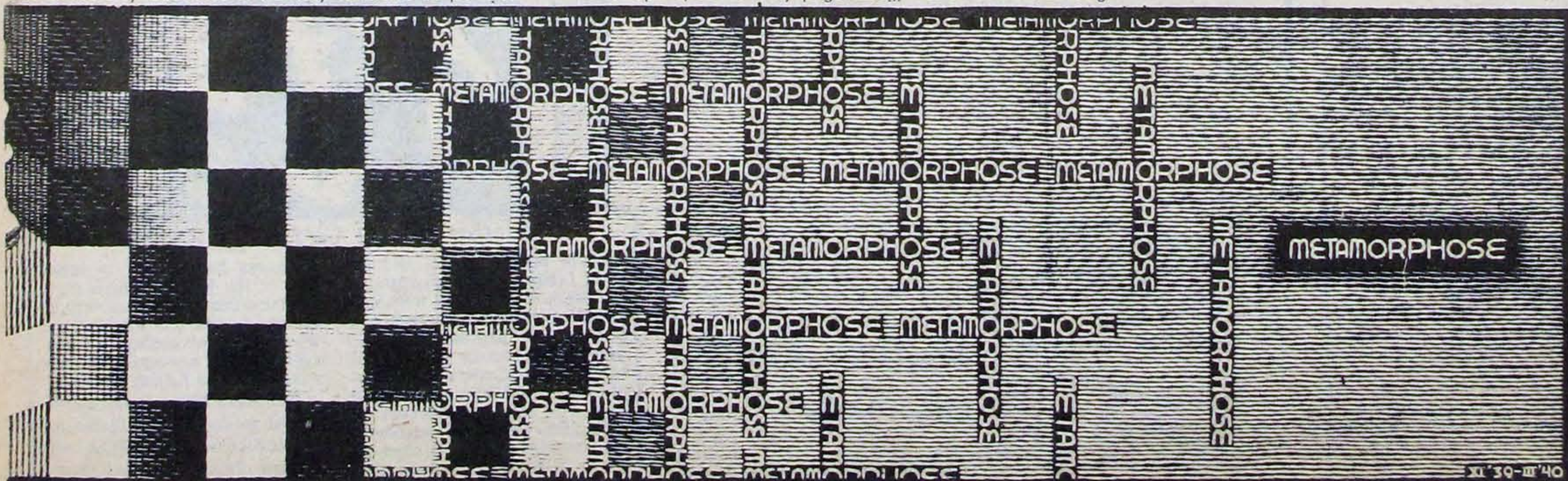
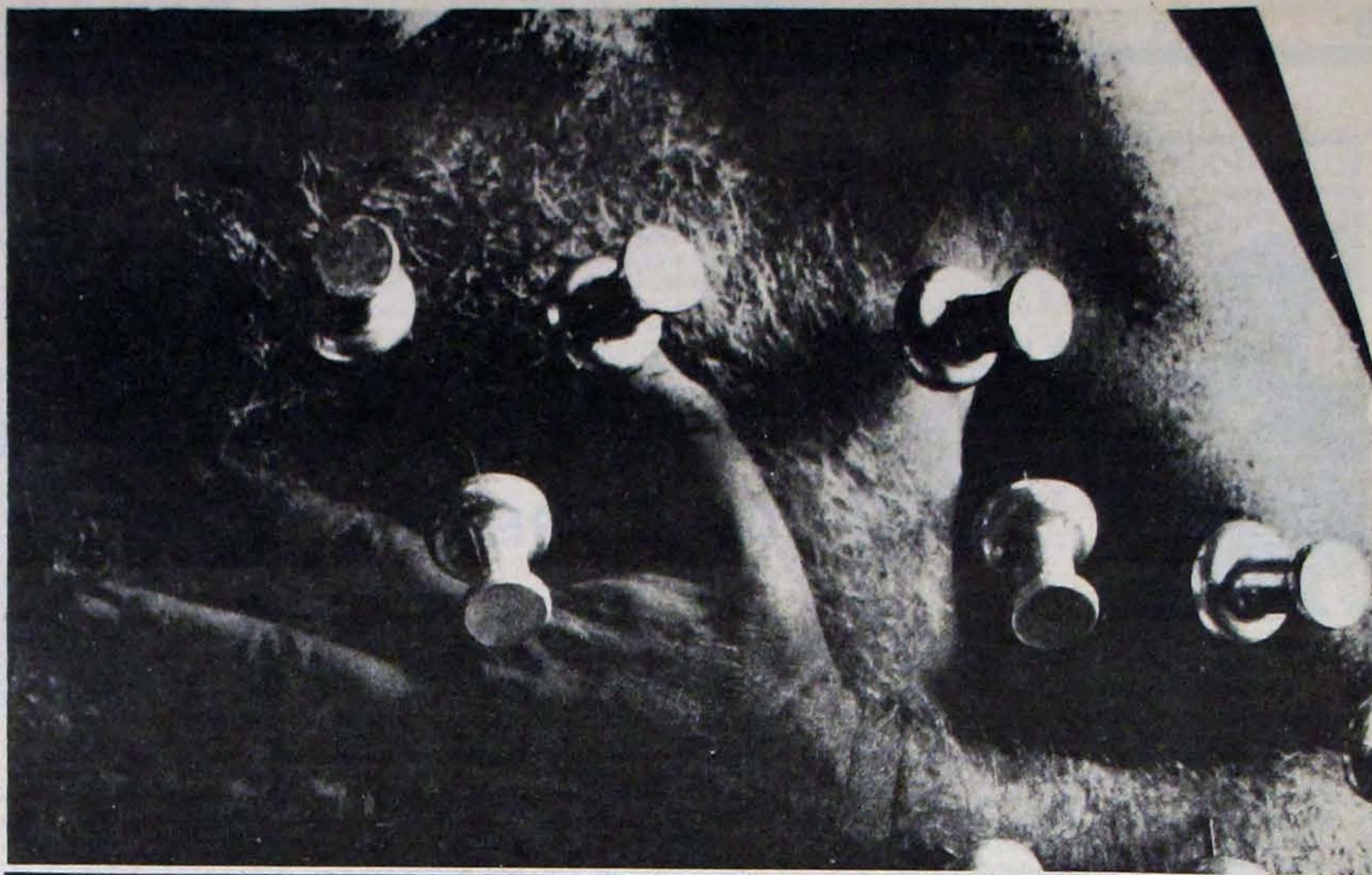
Prof. Spellman's colleagues in the History and Far East Departments. It asserted that Dr. Spellman had gotten his doctorate in England under false pretenses, and that he had not really learned Sanskrit, the language which is absolutely necessary to research in Indian history. Also it asserted that his book on Indian history was riddled with ignorant and inexcusable errors. The report concluded with a personal invective against Prof. Spellman. This report was to be used as the basis of his dismissal. And Prof. Spellman was not shown the report. Indeed, he was ignorant of its very existence, and he was not faced with his accusers.

Prof. Conze was instrumental in presenting this report to Prof. Spellman, and for his effort on Spellman's behalf, he incurred the wrath of higher powers. Since Prof. Conze is a British citizen, there were threats of deportation. Prof. Spellman satisfactorily proved his knowledge of Sanskrit, and the few misprints in his book, would be corrected in the next edition. No more could be asked of a scholar, but this effort did not save him. It was Timothy Leary.

The coming of Dr. Leary to the northwest stirred up the Seattle City Council, pursuing its usual course of comedy, first granted, then withdrew permission to Dr. Leary to use the Seattle Opera House for his speaking engagement here. Prof. Spellman was instrumental in obtaining another hall at the last minute. The History Dept. feared that if Prof. Spellman was dropped at that time, it would appear the he was being removed because of his involvement in the LSD controversy. However, at no time did Prof. Spellman advocate publically the use of LSD. He only desired that all sides of the issue be openly and freely discussed. Another quarter elapsed before the U.W. was able to rid itself of its "bad boy." His appointment was not renewed. Columbia University had shown some initial interest in hiring Prof. Spellman, but the intercession of the Far East Dept. prevented that. It became painfully clear to Prof. Spellman that nowhere in the United States would he be safe from this behind-the-scenes academic slander. He therefore looked north of the border. Even after he had won his appointment at the University of Windsor, letters appeared in Windsor attacking him personally and hinting that Prof. Spellman would be responsible for leading his students into the use of LSD. The Canadians were not taken in by this ugly smear campaign. And the U.W. lost a promising young professor.

Since Prof. Spellman's departure, events have considerably quieted down, but the manouvering behind the ivy covered walls continues.

A. K.





EAT IT

From the Congressional Record, (Thurs.) Mar. 29, 1968: Senator Byrd of West Virginia: "I hope that well meaning Negro leaders and individuals in the Negro community here will now take a new look at this man who gets other people into trouble and then takes off like a scared rabbit. If anybody is to be hurt or killed in the wake of his highly publicized marches and demonstrations, he apparently is going to be sure that it will be someone other than Martin Luther King."

G.I.'S REBEL

From the Bond - LIBERATION News Service -- Fort Campbell, Ky., -- A curfew has been imposed on this base after G.I.'s broke loose in scattered acts of rebellion against the army on the nights of April 11 and 12. Men are required under the curfew to stay inside their barracks from 11 at night until 5 in morning, and from 8 until 12 in the morning unless they are on duty.

After a week when the entire post was mobilized in response to uprisings in major cities across the country, soldiers here began some uprisings of their own. Angry G.I.'s, mainly black, were reported tipping over cars, breaking furniture and attacking MP's. A very tight news security has been clamped on all this and on the extent of the damage. But extra MP's have been on patrol and CO's (Charge of Quarters) are patrolling their company areas in jeeps.

The Fifth Division stationed here is scheduled to go to Vietnam this summer.

BITING THE HAND

IOWA CITY, Iowa, (LIBERATION News Service)-- Thirty-four graduate students at the University of Iowa, all holding federal grants, are donating \$1,806.50 from their government allowances to war-relief and war-protest organizations, it was announced on April 4. The protest by federally-financed students is now beginning to spread to other campuses as well.



In the days following the death of Martin Luther King: 72 cities struck by riot, 32 dead, 13,876 arrested, 2,266 injured. Troops called out: Federal 20,300, National Guard 40,842, State and local police 16,930. Many cities refused to make statistics public.

The Bay area has had a series of power tower bombings. They are not being done by one person, or one group. One ran a bulldozer into a tower near the Dow Chemical plant and turned himself in to publicize the cause. One has had one success and three failures and says it is easy. His reason: "To clear the smog." The third and biggest is unknown. About six or seven towers have been bombed in the East Bay area and PG&E have helicopters with spotlights patrolling the lines.

At the peak of the black rebellions in the U.S. this month, hundreds of thousands of Brazilian students took to the streets to demonstrate for student power, against the military dictatorship and against U.S. involvement in South America. The Brazilian protests were touched off by the death of a student who had participated in a demonstration concerning a university cafeteria. The student was shot by Brazilian police. During the week of protests which affected more than a dozen cities hundreds of students were injured by police and military forces. An unnamed Brazilian intellectual defined the position of radicals in the U.S. in relation to the Latin American revolutions as "...helping to pin down the forces of oppression within the U.S. by defying imperialism at its home base since it is so strong abroad, aggravating the contradictions in U.S. society until its expansionist spirit is checked...the civil rights and black power struggles are part of the struggle of all the oppressed peoples of the world."

Pathet Loa guerrillas ambushed Laotian government troops near Laku killing or wounding 30. The government troops had been on a mopping up operation in Luang Prabang Province. Guerillas also attacked the Laotian government post at Thin Cau, Luang Nam Tha province. Guerillas killed five troops, captured two mortars and other weapons, and completely liberated that area.



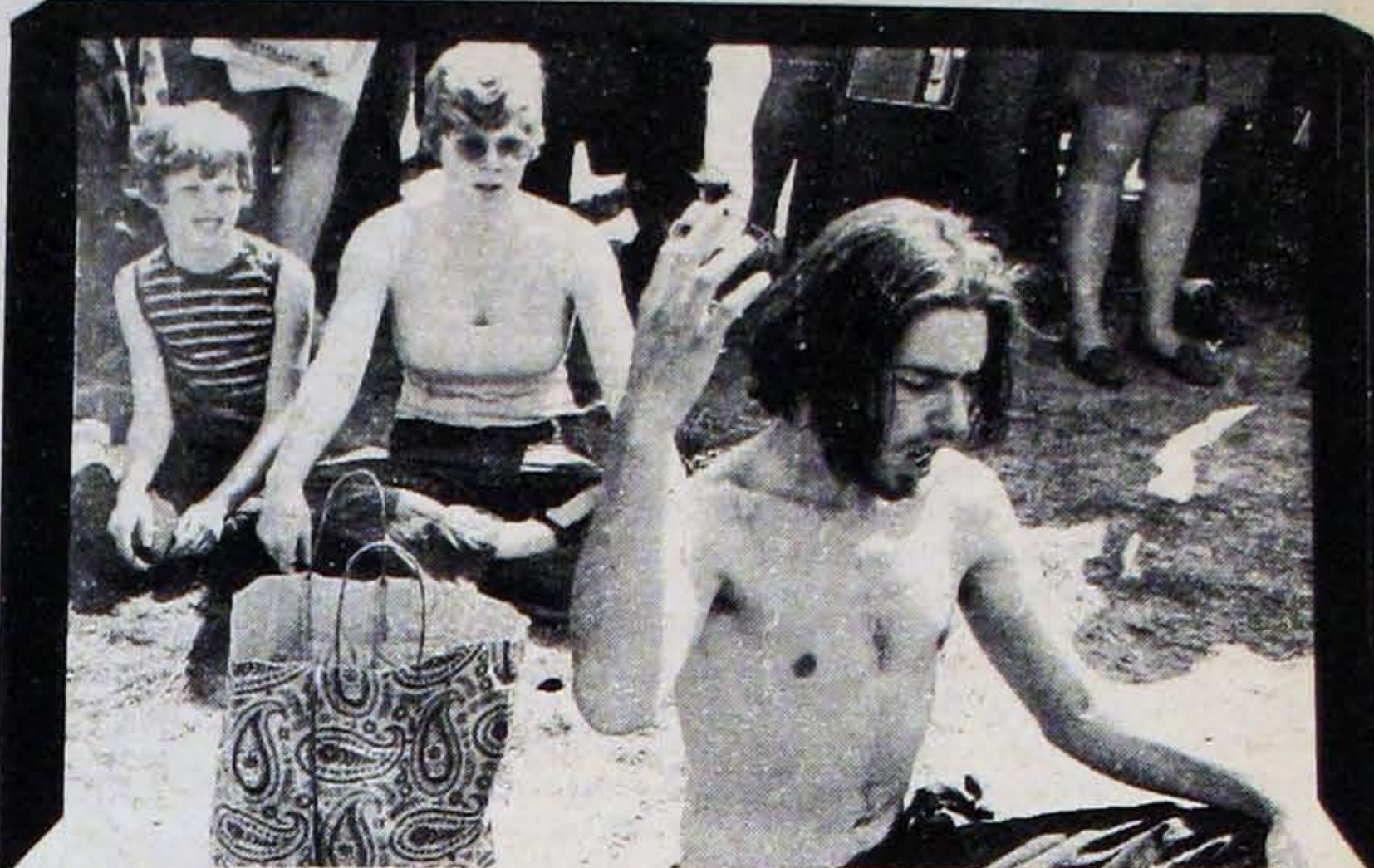
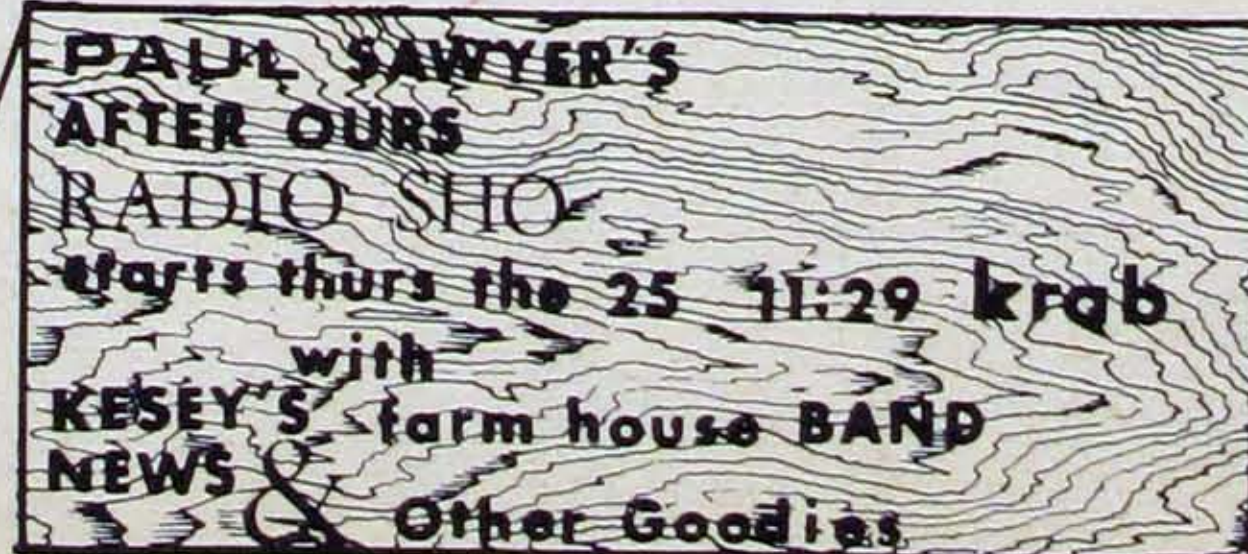
NEW YORK, Apr. 1 (LIBERATION News Service) A new group called White Americans to Support Black Liberation, whose director is Abe Weisburd, has wired Maryland Governor Spiro T. Agnew, urging him to drop charges against H. Rap Brown.

The telegram cited the recent government report on the Cambridge, Md., riots, noting, "This report shows that the white power structure of Cambridge and the state of Maryland were themselves guilty of the crimes which they attributed to H. Rap Brown."

Brown is being held in a New Orleans jail for alleged bond violation.

The Black Action Federation of Cambridge, Md., also signed the telegram.

PORTLAND, Ore., Apr. 1 (LIBERATION News Service) Two-thirds of the men in the senior class at Reed College have signed a pledge not to serve in the Armed Forces of the United States. The statement, signed by 69 men, said: "Our decision is irrevocable. Our consciences do not permit us to participate in this senseless and immoral war. We are sure that tens of thousands of students throughout the country will join us in resistance."



YIPPIES

NEW YORK -- The Youth International Party (YIP) held a sit-in-protest-press conference with members of Mayor Lindsay's office today to contest the city's refusal to allow "amplified sound" in the Sheep Meadow of Central Park during the Easter Sunday Yip-Out. Over thirty Yippies and an equal number of members of the press met at City Hall with Sid Davidoff, Mayor Lindsay's aid.

Davidoff offered to confer with eight or ten of the group, but when Yippie Jerry Rubin asked who of the Yippees wanted to speak with the mayor's aid, all thirty raised their hands. Davidoff repeated his original offer and started to wald towards his office. Everyone rose and followed him. "Why don't we talk here on the grass?" asked Rubin. So there they were, on the grass with a no trespassing sign, thirty odd yippees, the mayor's aid, three bureaucrats, and a bunch of newsmen. It was a sit-in but Davidoff preferred to stand.

The Yippie demands were as follows: People should be allowed to circulate freely; one generator should be allowed for rack amps and four or five trucks to bring in the equipment and take out collected canned goods for the Washington Poor People's Campaign. After a short recess for lunch, Davidoff returned and announced that the demands were quite reasonable. And so, while the sedate Easter Paraders masqueraded with floats down Fifth Avenue, the Sheep Meadow of Central Park vibrated with more than 15,000 Yippees celebrating the Rites of Spring. Waffs of sweet smelling grass and incense rose from dancing, caressing Yippees as they frolicked to music from harmonicas, guitars, folk singers and amplified rock bands.

Under a small orange and white striped tent in the middle of the meadow, Yippees collected a truckload of canned food for the Poor People's Campaign in Washington that will begin late in May. Records and posters were distributed freely, as were, rumor has it, capsules of acid. Lucky recipients were requested to swallow the powder immediately and not to hold.

The site of the Yip-Out had been changed from the small concert shell in the park when local officials lifted the ban on electric music in the meadow the previous Friday. The Yippees won this concession after a sit-in at a park adjacent to City Hall.

The police, although obvious in presence, were not obstructive. They ignored the pot smoking, leaping into action only to extinguish small bonfires set by about 500 remaining Yippees at the close of the day.

RE PRESS

WASHINGTON, D.C., Two editors of LNS were busted on narcotics charges yesterday in the culmination of a series of arrests of area radicals on petty charges during the worst days of the urban insurrection here.

Martin A. Jezer and Ray Mungo were charged with possession of marijuana after a small packet of the stuff was allegedly found under the back seat of the 1953 Cadillac hearse in which they were riding. Marshall Bloom, Craig Spratt, Bill Robinson, Jezer, Mungo, and Larry Dean, Peter Novick, and Austin Pyne of the Washington Free Press have all been arrested once or more for violation-of-curfew charges, despite their press credentials.

"I'm a political activist, not a dope fiend. You won't find me near that awful, addicting weed. I know the demonic powers it holds," Mungo was heard to observe upon being released in \$500 bond. "What do you expect from a hearse?" Jezer chimed in.

Civil liberties lawyers in the area are considering lodging official protests over repeated arrests of accredited journalists during the curfew hours.



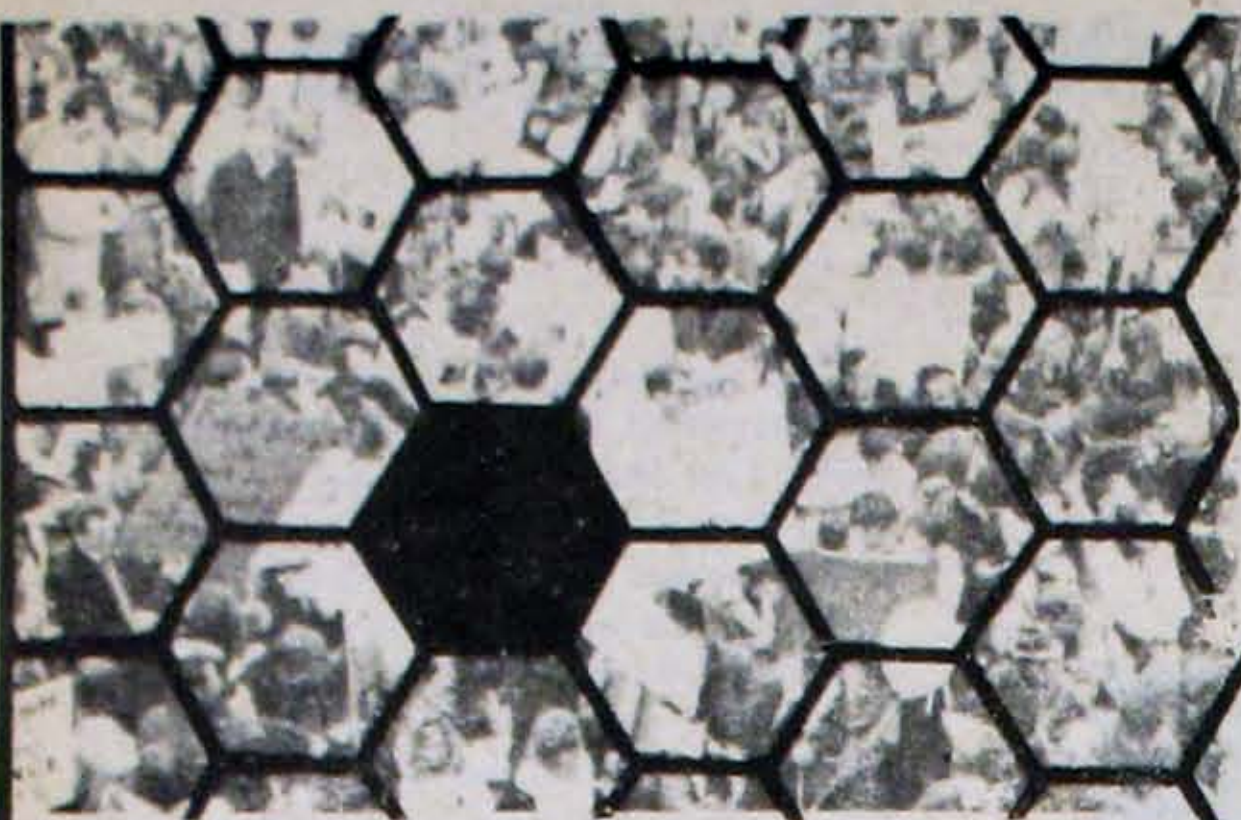
Miller Band Gets Off Light

Steve Miller, leader, and Edward O'Brien, road manager, of the Steve Miller Band were convicted on narcotics charges by a London court and ordered to pay fines of 10 pounds (\$25.20). All the other band members, arrested along with Miller and O'Brien, went free after arraignment.

English observers considered the penalties, which included one year's probation, to be very light, especially in the light of the stiff

sentences handed out to members of the Rolling Stones for a similar offense. The band will be allowed to return to England and work there, according to manager Harvey Kornspan, himself a fugitive from British justice.

The Steve Miller Band has returned to the United States for a national tour. They will be back in San Francisco, their home base, on May 1.



(Editor's note) In their coverage of German student demonstrations, the Washington Post and The New York Times noted the heavy influence of Herbert Marcuse in German student theoretical development. Marcuse, in ONE DIMENSIONAL MAN, speaks of a non-tolerant attitude toward media which disseminate myths or popularize status quo authoritarian rationale. For example, in the U.S. READER'S DIGEST publishes the Eisenhower justifications for U.S.-Asian entanglements. The German students, by structuring, have evidently transferred theory into practice. George Tolmie is a student at the University of Bridgeport in Connecticut.)

"Their Western saint is American philosopher Herbert Marcuse." -- The Sunday Star, Washington, Apr. 14.

More and more accounts are coming out of Germany and are being reported in the U.S. press of the strong and vibrant "New Left" developing in Germany. The fervor and dedication of the participants in this New Left is a constant source of marvel to these same reports.

The leading figure of this new German renaissance in the Post-Hitler Germany, which had virtually throttled a left tradition extending back to Marx himself, is Herbert Marcuse.

Why is Herbert Marcuse exerting such an intensive influence on the new movement? Why is it that the youth of Germany are taking up the banners of Marcuse? The answers to these questions are complex and extensive. Marcuse, author of EROS AND CIVILIZATION, represents a return to the grandeur of the early Marx, who attempted in his writings to embody in a scientific fashion almost every Utopian ideal and the passionate goals of poets. Marx was hardly ever to be found against these goals. Instead, he offered to the beleaguered dreaming and suffering mankind a scientific critique of the society which stood between the poet and his dreams, a scientific critique of the method of reaching these goals, and finally a scientific critique of the goals themselves in order to make sophisticated that which was only crudely or provincially conceived.

With the death of Lenin, a biblical style of interpreting Marx began to set in, stifling the very life blood in the West of the appeal of Marx to the broad masses of the people. It was this stifled spirit which became the manure from which Fascism and Nazism developed and on which it depended. It became all the easier for Hitler and Mussolini to accentuate the aggressive and brutal aspects of the social order. Soon, the spirit of Marx began starved and stifled in order to suit the needs of party organizations--especially those sterile superficial leaders at the top of such organizations.

Marcuse has taken Marx back to the poets, has re-joined the scientific critique in response to the yearnings of the ages. Chief among these poetic-scientific types was Sigmund Freud. Marcuse has exhaustively inter-related the systems of Marx and his conception of social oppression with that of Freud and his theories of repression. Both Marx and Freud (within the framework of their systems) conceived of the existing order of culture, which grows up out of a long history, as the result of the brutalization of mankind. Both looked to the social relations of mankind as the paramount concern of a scientific view of the social existence of mankind and the possibility of moving on beyond the brutal and slave essence of culture.

Marcuse, in EROS AND CIVILIZATION, has held up the need to conduct philosophy and scientific study of society with both a concern for economics and a concern for sexuality. The genius of Marx was to have seen the influence of economics on the theories of man. The genius of Freud was to have seen the influence of sex on man's thinking and aspirations.

To youth and non-bureaucratic adults a bombshell was dropped into their midst. Long used to sterile and staggering accounts of trivia and unconnected data pawned off as "education" (which only lead deeper down the path of death, mayhem, and the betrayal of ideals), increasing numbers of people have come over to the camp of Marcuse. The openly proclaimed task of Marcuse is to head off blind surging, which oftentimes sweeps far too many socialists into the same blindness, toward self-destruction and mass mayhem.

Duke's Out

Washington, April 17 (LIBERATION News Service) Fifteen hundred Duke University students out of a student body of 4,300 boycotted classes for three days last week to protest the treatment of the school's nonacademic workers and its acquiescence to racial discrimination in Durham, N.C. During the boycott, the protesting students slept in the Quadrangle on campus.

With the support of the students, the predominantly Negro cafeteria workers on campus went on strike, demanding a minimum pay scale of \$1.60 an hour. Even though Duke students have returned to classes, a cafeteria boycott continues, with many students eating on a nearby Negro campus.

The Board of Trustees of Duke have agreed to the \$1.60 pay scale by the summer of 1969. The Duke Board of Trustees is dominated by textile interests and is presided over by a Ford vice-president.

In a separate action, divinity school faculty members voted to renounce future pay raises if the money could be used to aid nonacademic staff.

FMROCK

KOL hopes to begin its FM underground music programming on June 1st, playing "all the heavy stuff, like the Cream, The Mothers, and" The programming will be done by Mitchell and Sherwood with Sherwood doing the actual announcing. No more than 4 ads will be played in each hour of broadcast from 6pm to midnight and no ads at all will be pre-recorded and re-assembled by KOL's automatic FM broadcaster (94.1 MC) which will be tripled in power sometime late this summer.

ACLU EXPANDS

People in the Central Area soon will have a place to go to obtain information on civil liberties and constitutional rights.

The American Civil Liberties Union expects to open an office in the Central Area during May to serve as such an informational center. It will be staffed by volunteers, most of them, hopefully, from the immediate area.

Meetings to organize the office are being held at the East Madison YMCA. The first took place last Tuesday, and the other two will be held next Tuesday, and on May 14. Phil Burton talked at the first session. Gary Gayton and Mike Rosen will be speakers for the second and third, respectively. All are ACLU lawyers.

The meetings are public --- with volunteers and Central Area residents with ideas and suggestions especially welcome.



PVT.

John Whitcher from Olympia dropped out of school, worked at Boeing for a while, was drafted, did his basic at Ft. Lewis, his Advanced Infantry Training as a mortarman at Ft. Polk. At that point he decided he could not kill for the U. S. Army in good conscience but he could serve as a medic. While home on leave he and his lawyer, Bill Hansen, filled out the form for transfer to a CO status 1AO--medic. They gathered the necessary statements from ministers, parents, teachers, etc., and went to Ft. Lewis to file the form. First, they were not allowed to file the form or to see his in-transit Commander. Next, they were told that his real commander was already in Vietnam, and that he had to go to Vietnam as his orders read and file the form there. This information is false. A military man always has a commander and according to the law his commander at the time must accept all transfer requests and change of status forms.

When his leave expired John was placed in a "holding company" at Ft. Lewis pending consideration of consideration of consideration. Finally, he got a letter from his commander refusing to accept the application. Soon he will be ordered to process out for transportation to Vietnam. He will refuse and most probably he will be put in the brig. At present the efforts of his lawyer, the ACLU, American Friends and Draft Resistance have all failed to move the military to accept his form. As the law requires. John Whitcher will eventually be court-martialed for refusing to obey an order and be sent to Leavenworth prison.

VIVA RFK ????

Editor's note: Bobby Kennedy came to the heart of the Washington D.C. ghetto, 14th and Park Rd., one day before Dr. King's murder and the following insurrection. Carl Bloice, a black writer for the WORKER, was there.

WASHINGTON, D.C., --A group of drummers began the affair. When they had about had it, a group of singers took over the difficult job of keeping the growing milling crowd entertained until the man they had come to hear arrived.

The streets were completely blocked off and when at 8 PM the motorcade of open convertibles arrived the crowd surged forward. The man of the hour began to address them. "Will you help me?" he cried. "Yes," cried the crowd. "Will you spread the word?" he shouted. "Yes," shouted the crowd. "Will you spread it quietly or loudly?" he boomed. "Loudly," the crowd boomed back.

When the speaker left the platform and tried to make his way back to the waiting car, police were unable to control the movements of the people. He was pressed against a wall. Grown men and women, college students and hordes of tiny children reached out to touch the young man, his pretty wife and his sister-in-law.

WHO IS THAT MAN?

Who was this man who came to the less-affluent side of town and appeared to cut through the class and racial tension which normally inhabit it? Who was it that rose to promise jobs in areas where they are scarce, housing where it is largely substandard, and better education where it is uniformly poor?

Were this being written about two decades ago and datelined from Latin America, a lot of people would suggest the above describes a visit by Juan Peron to Buenos Aires' other-side-of-the-tracks. But while the scene, the man and the people would suggest the image of Peronistas political triumph, the man in this case was Bobby Kennedy.

Kennedy, now regarded as the leading contender for the White House throne being vacated by its present inhabitant (by self-proclamation), was clearly tired and when he's tired his boyish demeanor becomes even more pronounced. It had been much the same all over the country. There were the blond-haired college crowds that began it all in Kansas with a demonstration reminiscent mostly of Beatlemania. There were the mad antics of the crowd in San Jose, Calif., that tugged at his clothes and pulled his hair.

RFK AS REVOLUTIONARY HERO?

Now here he was in the heart of the ghetto in the city's Northwest section and the crowds were cheering and shoving again. They numbered over 5,000, half-black, half-white. It was hard to hear just what he was saying because each time he paused the crowd let loose.

The McCarthy campaign is beginning to look more and more like a Stevenson-like effort to "talk sense to the American People." No doubt there will now be increased pressure to battle Kennedy in the sphere of rhetoric and public display. The danger should only be increased by the entrance of another master rhetorician, Vice President Hubert Humphrey, into the race. One of the three will face in November the Peron of the West--Richard Nixon--and the Peron of the South--George Wallace.

What if the first of the year promised to be an election year that might have, perhaps, possibly, been a somewhat meaningful discussion of the pressing issues facing the nation may well turn out to be a public-relations extravaganza in which everybody's a populist.

By Carl Bloice
LIBERATION News Service



We hold these truths to be self-evident, that all men are created equal, that they are endowed by their Creator

10 ■ How Garrison Keeps the CIA on the Run ■

MARK LANE

During March, 1968, Jim Garrison moved suddenly and dramatically toward evidence that had been in protective custody for more than four years. He asked the Criminal District Court in Louisiana for a Certificate to compel Allen Dulles to testify before the New Orleans Grand Jury. He also sought to subpoena the Zapruder film.

Dulles had been the Director of the Central Intelligence Agency until September 27, 1961. While Dulles was head of that agency a CIA front negotiated with a firm in New Orleans for the purchase of trucks and other vehicles to use in the CIA sponsored invasion of Cuba at the Bay of Pigs. The CIA front organization also used the name, "Lee Harvey Oswald" in connection with the purchase, although Oswald was, at that time, in the Soviet Union.

In his motion papers Garrison charged that one of the witnesses subpoenaed by the grand jury in the investigation into the assassination was Gordon Noval, who "claims to have been employed by the CIA at the time that Allen Dulles was the head of the CIA." Added Garrison, "Gordon Noval fled the State of Louisiana to avoid testifying and sought to enlist the aid of the CIA in preventing his return."

Garrison also pointed out that David Ferrie, who had been named in the indictment as a conspirator in the plot to assassinate President Kennedy, was an employee of the CIA during the Dulles regime. "Among other things," said Garrison, "he [Ferrie] was a flying instructor in Guatemala prior to the abortive Bay of Pigs invasion."

The application for the Certificate was heard before Judge Matthew S. Braniff and on March 7 he issued the Certificate. In that document Braniff certified that each of Garrison's charges reported above was supported by fact. The issuance of that Certificate not only offered judicial support for the very serious contentions made by Garrison but constituted the first judicial finding regarding the involvement of the CIA with persons said to have played a role in planning the assassination.

On March 7, 1968, Judge Braniff's Certificate became a matter of public record. From that day forward it became available to the media. Yet the press has universally ignored the document and its explosive ramifications. The silence is ominous and its totality gives the impression of orchestration.

Several days before Garrison acted he told me that he was considering an attempt to subpoena Dulles. Over a drink at the New Orleans Athletic Club, coffee for him, a Sazerac for me, Garrison observed, "I'm sure that Dulles could have told the Commission a great deal had he been a witness rather than a member." He then said, "In the moving papers I'm going to point out that in spite of his background and familiarity with the CIA aspects of the case Dulles was never called as a witness. I won't even mention that he was a Commissioner." He added with a smile, "I wonder what his response will be." "I presume," I answered "that you think that he will be foolish enough to point out that he was a Commission member and thus make the connection between the CIA and the Commission for you." "Let's see" was Garrison's answer.

When it was reported that he would be subpoenaed Dulles spoke with the press. He said, "Of course I wasn't a witness, I was a member of the Commission. Far more important was the response of the United States Attorney in Washington, D.C. The proper method for serving a man who resides or works in Washington is to secure a Certificate and forward it to the U.S. Attorney there. It is then his obligation to present the certificate to a court of record in Washington and seek to compel the attendance of the prospective witness in the state of origin. Accordingly, the executive assistant District Attorney of New Orleans mailed the signed Certificate, with a check to cover Dulles' traveling expenses to David G. Bress, the United States Attorney in Washington, D.C."

Bress replied:

"We decline to represent you in this matter."

He returned the Certificate and the check. Dulles, therefore, was spared the necessity of testifying about the CIA and the assassina-

tion. "We decline" — the words of the federal government in response to a lawful effort to uncover the assassins of President Kennedy.

LIFE YIELDS

Garrison's efforts to secure the 8mm motion picture film of the assassination purchased by Life magazine (Time, Inc.) were more rewarding. The film had not left its vault in New York for years. Life had declined CBS' request to show it in its four one hour documentary programs aired last year. Life has rejected every television and theoretical offer for the film thus deliberately restricting, to an almost minuscule number, those persons who have examined it.

Garrison began his campaign to secure the film with a denunciation of Life's suppression of the evidence. Speaking at the national convention of the National District Attorneys Association in New Orleans, Garrison observed that Life and the federal government had cooperated in the denial of important evidence to the American people. When Life denied the charge and expressed its outrage that it had been made, Garrison moved quickly. He prepared a Grand Jury Subpoena Duces Tecum to Time, Inc., for production of the Zapruder film. "If they don't wish to be known for suppressing the evidence any longer" Garrison said "let them send it along." Life, trapped, capitulated at once. The film would be delivered to Garrison, could be shown to the grand jury, could be used at the trial of Clay Shaw, and could remain in Garrison's possession until the trial was concluded, said Life, so long as it is understood that Life, "does not consent to the release of or showing of the film, in whole or in part, publicly to or by any other news media, and that its use be restricted rigidly to the restrictive legal purposes of the subpoena duces tecum." Life evidently felt that any permission which contained a five word phrase of which three were, "restricted" "rigidly" and "restrictive" couldn't be all bad.

Life acknowledged that several "damaged frames" in the Zapruder film were "missing from the original." It was from the incomplete film that the Warren Commission published frames in its volumes. An excellent first generation color reprint was delivered to Garrison and screened by the grand jury and Garrison's staff on March 28, 1968. The film was shown numerous times and at various speeds. The effect that the fatal bullet had upon the President could not be more obvious.

With a shocking suddenness that caused the intent audience to gasp anew each time that it was run, the President is seen to be driven back into the seat and to his left.

Assistant DA Andrew Sciambra observed that, "he could not have reacted so violently to a hard right to the head. Otherwise it is reminiscent of watching a boxer driven back

and out by a tremendous blow. The shot came from the right front. No one who sees the film can doubt it. I guess that's why no one can see it."

Louis Ivon, Garrison's Chief Investigator, said, "I can't see how the Commission could have come to the conclusion that there was a lone assassin in the Book Depository building when it is so obvious that the man was hit from the front. I ask myself did they fail to look at the film or completely disregard it as evidence."

O'Brien Elliott, an independent film expert who I had invited to the screening said, "It is conclusive evidence that the shot came from the area of the grassy knoll. There is no question but that it could not originate at the Texas School Book Depository." He added, I think that the film should not be withheld by President Johnson until 2039. I think he should see it tomorrow."



Gary Sanders, an engineer who has made an analysis of aspects of the Zapruder film said, "That shot could not have come from any place other than the right front. He had a very violent reaction to the impact of the bullet and the point of origin is certainly well established by that."

Tom Bethell, the archivist for the New Orleans DA's office had seen the copy of the film at the National Archives a year ago. He had observed the substantially less clear document "twenty or thirty times" he said. After seeing the superior copy in New Orleans he added, "I think that it is almost impossible to conclude that he was hit from the Book Depository."

I was recently interviewed about the Zapruder film by the CBS-TV affiliate in New Orleans. A reporter asked if the press might be able to see the film while it was in New Orleans. Garrison had previously told me that he was most anxious for the press to attend a screening but that Life had stipulated that there be no such screening. Garrison said that he was going to ask Life if there might be a sub rosa screening upon the condition that each reporter agree not to write about what he had observed. Such an agreement, it might be observed, would constitute hardly a departure from the norm. In the interim I have suggested to various New Orleans reporters that they, together, petition Life for permission to see the film. I find it difficult to believe that a reporter who observes the Zapruder film can ever again state that he believes the Warren Report (which, in all likelihood, he has not read) or that he continues to have faith in Earl Warren and his splendid colleagues (as if a reading of the Commission's work is equivalent to a theological experience).

What have we learned from the story of the two subpoenas? We have learned, I suggest, that while Life (Time, Inc.) is an intransigent part of the establishment and in the fact-suppressing and truth-distorting business it is, on occasion, willing to yield a step or two to maintain its image of truth seeking. And we have learned that the monster that inhabits the Time and Life building is kind, benign, friendly, and thoroughly democratic when contrasted with your own monster who rules from Washington.

HELIX ADDENDA

The Washington Chapter of the Citizens Committee of Inquiry met last Saturday in the Wesley House on 15th Ave. to discuss plans for developing public support and interest in the re-investigation of the assassination of John Kennedy. Fifty people heard speeches by State Chairman Ed Jeffords and tapes of Garrison's speech to the University of New Mexico (for a transcript of that speech see the HELIX, Dec. 1, 1967). The Committee rejected the proposed drive to place a question on the November ballot concerning the assassination issue. The time remaining before the filing date is not sufficient to collect and verify the 100,000 signatures needed.

A Campus Chapter at the U of W will be formed as soon as possible and may begin local organizing with Mark Lane's film "Rush to Judgment." Anyone interested in joining the Committee should contact the State Office at 7001 - 106th E., Puyallup, Washington.

Developments in New Orleans: the move for a change of venue on the trial of Clay Shaw has been denied. In a random questioning of the available jurors found no substantial prejudice against Shaw or the Warren Commission Report. The trial has been rescheduled to open early in May due to a shortage of court stenographers. When the trial reopens the HELIX will add the eye-witness reports of LNS representative Steve Burton to the perspective available in the established media. The next issue will include another article by Mark Lane in his continuing scrutiny of the Assassination Smear.

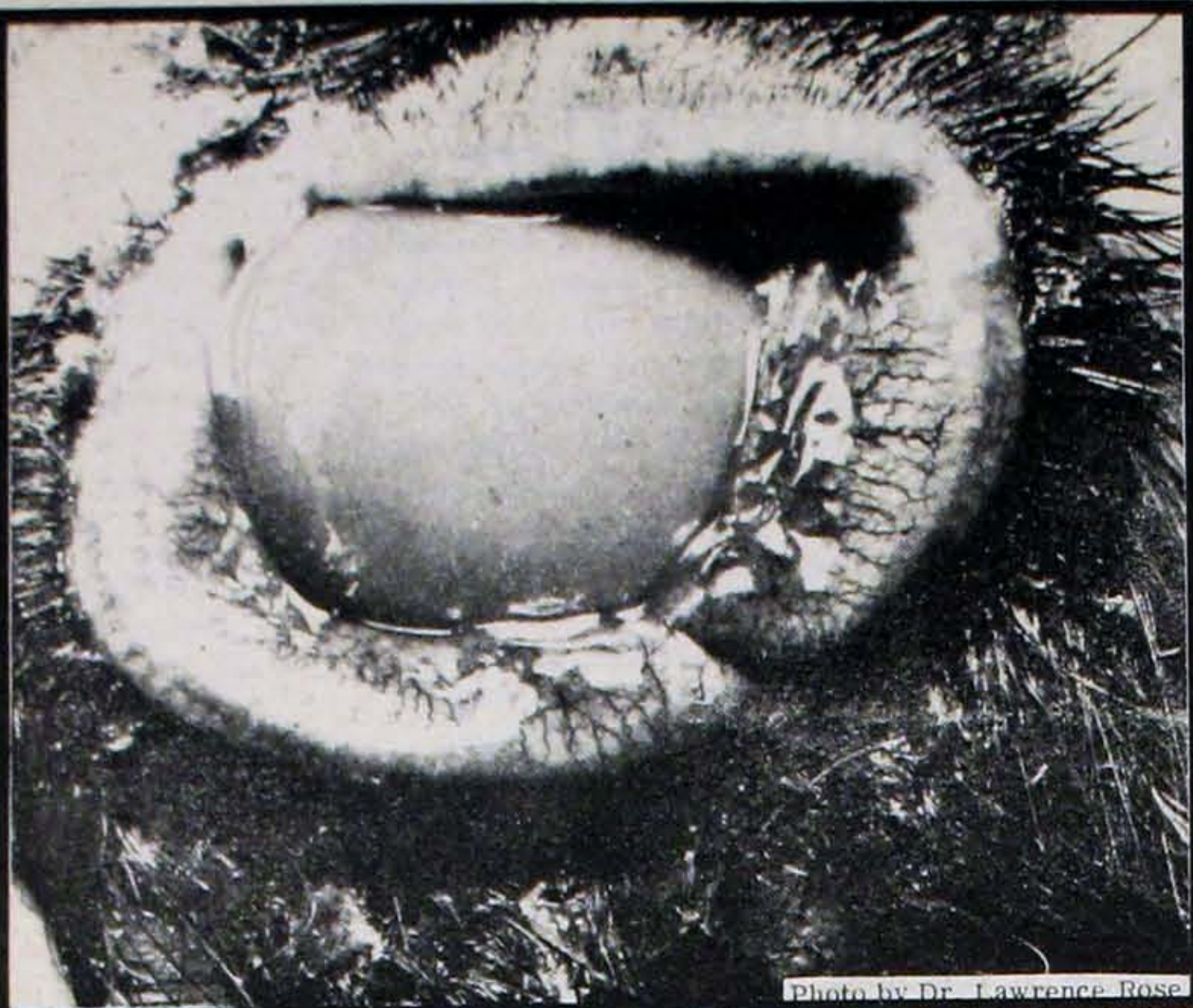


Photo by Dr. Lawrence Rose

RABBIT EYE (above) was exposed one second to MACE at 6 inches, and suffered corneal scars and permanent visual impairment. Same effect was suffered by human MACE victim

MACE MAIMS

You can die from a dose of MACE. And it doesn't even have to be an overdose shot at you close up by some bigger-than-beef cop.

A shot of MACE from a foot and a half away has left corneal scars in the eyes of the Rev. Donald Cowan, a Presbyterian minister who was attacked by a San Francisco cop during a protest against a dinner given by the mayor there.

Dr. Lawrence Rose, an SF ophthalmologist, examined Rev. Cowan and found the scars.

If Rev. Cowan had asthma or a bad heart, he might have died. This word comes from Dr. Edward H. Walters who is the head physician at the Cook County Jail in Chicago and from a publication put out by the Department of Health, Education and Welfare for poison control centers.

A doctor in Skokie, Ill., a Chicago suburb, told of treating a boy who had been MACED: the boy "spent five days with excoriations (redness and bruises) about the entire eye." And he added: "There's no question about it (MACE) being bad for the respiratory system when there is already a lot of edema (swelling) in bronchial troubles, such as asthma."

To all of which sheriff Joseph Woods of Cook County (where Skokie and the jail both are located) replied that "anyone prone to a heart attack (or asthma we presume) has no business at a riot or agitating."

San Francisco police chief Thomas Cahill also refused to listen to warnings about Mace. After Dr. Rose had written him about the strong chances for damage to the eyes, Cahill answered that MACE wouldn't be abandoned because it was a "better and more humane" weapon with which the cops were raising their standards.

In the SF area, the BARB reports that MACE is being used against people "stopped for minor traffic and municipal violations and after they have already been put behind bars."

Dr. Rose suggested that smearing the body with vaseline and wearing goggles might be helpful to those who expect to be MACED like in demonstrations. But he still suspects the ingredients of MACE will still have some bad effects.

According to a breakdown of its elements, MACE is 95 percent methyl chloroform, a central nervous system depressant. The rest is teargas and kerosene.

Themethyl chloroform in MACE does the deadly work. Its symptoms, says the Poison control center publication, are "headache, lassitude, facial flushing, incoordination, confusion, vertigo, anesthesia, severe hypotension, coma ..."

BARB suggests using the MACE manufacturer's suggestion of baking soda and water as a MACE antidote. "Possible MACE victims may want to carry a plastic sandwich bag containing a rag soaked in a baking soda solution," said BARB.

At six feet or more MACE is a gas; at less than six feet, it seems to remain in liquid, or partly-liquid form and do possibly greater damage than as a gas. Rev. Cowan said he felt "the liquid hit me, not just a spray."

Reports on MACE use in Seattle have been scattered. If you have information, let us know about it.

THE TROLLEY CONSERVATORY OF HEAVY MUSIC

FRI
-
SAT

8:30
-
1:00



2115 4th AVENUE - SEATTLE - MAIN 4-9470

HEAVY MUSIC SETS THE PACE

The experience of entering the Trolley Club, which you can do any Friday or Saturday night from 8:30 to 1:00, and enjoying the sensory exciting interior is far from dull. The location on Fourth Avenue across from the Martin Cinerama gives you no clue to the groovy sounds and atmosphere that await you inside, which you would think would be more likely to be found on Sunset Strip.

Upon entering, you immediately pickup on the music which sounds muffled and far away, and find yourself at the beginning of an apparently long hallway leading up to the ticket booth at which point the hall makes a ninety degree turn and leads beyond what you can see. At the box office you'll be asked to prove that you're a member of the 18 and over set, and to pay only \$1.50 which you discover is a sober bargain the minute you tune into the out of sight music that awaits you inside.

After you purchase your ticket, it will be taken by a mustachioed, stoned-out young man. Likely as not you'll get hung up rapping with Danny, who is an outrageously turned on cat. When finally you can no longer resist the tunes, and you decide to make it into where it's really happening, you'll pass a point in the hall just before it opens into the snack bar area, that can be dangerous. It is the point where the hallway's acoustics cease to muffle the sound, and you flash on the clarity and true heaviness of the music.

Total grooviness of the music will no doubt draw you past the snack bar and into the heart of the Trolley Club. It is surprisingly large; half of the area is dance floor and half is occupied by tables, chairs and always lots of groovy people. However your observance is short lived for the full impact of the \$10,000 sound

system blasts psychedelic music into your head turning your mind paisley with delight. The music, which is not live but records, is played for you by disc jockeys sitting in, such as Robert O. Smith. There is no similarity to radio, however, because the music played is far heavier and far ahead of the music heard on any of the top 40 radio stations. Fifteen speakers deliver, with crystal clear accuracy, the sounds of the Cream, Hendrix, and many other underground artists.

After a long while, when your mind can cope with something besides the far out sounds, you'll start digging more of the almost endless trippy facets of the Trolley Club. A large abundance of ultraviolet lights completely enhances the music and makes the club a truly mind expanding experience.



Pd.Ad.

ALLEN GINSBERG ON MAHARISHI...

I saw Maharishi speak here January 21st and then went up to Plaza Hotel that evening (I'd phoned for tickets to his organisation and on return telephone call they invited me up, saying Maharishi wanted to see me) ... so surrounded by his disciples I sat at his feet on the floor and listened while he spoke.

At a previous press conference I'd not been at. I heard he'd said all sorts of outlandish things like poverty was laziness and I saw in "IT" his equatory communism = weakism. So after I was introduced I sat at his feet and literally started yelling at him ... spoke for half an hour almost, challenging, arguing ... all in good humour though his business managers and devotees gasped with horror occasionally. But I never got impolite and he stayed calm and rather sweet so no harm. He'd been discussing U.S. 'dis-satisfaction' as Johnson's phrase had been quoted to him earlier, so I said that specific dis-satisfaction was among young people over the Vietnam war, and it was a problem troubling everyone in his audience that day, at least of the young people; that though the US was as he said Creative, its creations were massively negative as Vietnam at this point and that's why people were restless and looked for spiritual guidance from him and that he, Maharishi, hadn't covered the problem satisfactorily. He said Johnson and his secret police had more information and they knew what they were doing. I said they were a buncha dumbbells and they don't know and his implicit support of authoritarianism made lots a people wonder if he weren't some kinda CIA agent. He giggled 'CIA?' His devotees began screaming so I said it was a common question so it should be proposed and they shouldn't stand around silent and fearful to speak.

Then I asked what about draft resistant kids, going to war and murder? He said either way meditate. I

asked about Hari Krishna. He said one mantra won't fit everybody. As he'd put down drugs I said there wouldn't have been anybody to see him if it hadn't been for LSD. Devotees gasped. He said, well, LSD has done its thing, now forget it. Just let it drop. He said his meditation was stronger. I said excellent, if it works why not? I said, I would be glad to try; can't do anything but good. Then he said that 'acid' damaged Hippies nervous systems, he had six hippies visit him in a room in LA and had to take them into the garden, they smelled so bad.

I said WHAT? you must have been reading the newspapers. He said he didn't read newspapers. I said he likely had a misconception from his friends (at that point, I guess I said acid hippies were the largest part of the day's audience). He insisted that hippies smelled. I must say that was tendentious. His final statement on war was he didn't want to get into that, he wanted only to emphasize meditation, meditation, meditation. I said that's fine, I'll meditate.

All in all I thought his political statements not so evil as dim and thoughtless, somewhat sucking up to the establishment so as not to cause opposition and trouble. But judging from voicetone of his business manager — a sort of business man western square sensitive — sounds like he is surrounded by a conservative structure and he would come on unsympathetic in relation to social problems. I told him major cause US youth dis-satisfaction was increasing military police state tendency in US and spoiling everyone's normal life and feelings which I think is a statement partially accurate and something to him to consider since he makes social generalisation as apparently he does.

In a sense his position is not far from Krishna-murti or Leary — stay out of politics, 'avoid the authorities, get into meditation and inner peace etc.' His

division of the peace problem into parts ... individuals solve their own ... is real enough. I don't suppose he's built or required to be a social utopian structure messiah. But in as much as he does stray into political generalisations he sounds inexperienced or ignorant and unfamiliarly authoritarian.

So anyway that's what I could come to listening and talking. He was nice to me, didn't know who I was, asked at first what I did. I said Kovie — poet. There's an element of too much mesmerised politeness at his darshans (public viewings) — a guru is someone who you should make it with, learn from, listen to, enquire — otherwise it's mere 'religion' which Maharishi himself puts down as a failure.

The main burden that everyone should meditate half hour morning and night makes sense. His blank cheque claims that his extra special meditation form is more efficient than any other is something I haven't tried so I can't judge. His high powered organisation method of advertising meditation is getting, like Pyramid club of people meditating and massive enthusiasm application which would certainly tend to accomplish general peacefulness if it caught on massively and universally. His political statements are definitely dim-witted and a bit out of place).

reprinted from International Times

Bullet has muzzle velocity, great, 1235 feet per second and 1.2 seconds later it meets Steel Helmet who held up as all he might Bullet but Bullet's force was great and he was melting and vaporizing and spritzing out tiny blobs of lead as Helmet gave in inward bulged the steel and on rushed Bullet 1.204 seconds after leaving Muzzle-jagged edges behind his helmet Hair who held him up nowise in his journey Skin gave way to mushroomed Bullet and Bones deformed at his will 671 feet a second he went as he tore vessels too surprised to bleed then Bullet nosed through soft gray-white stuff hardly hard as butter First he cut through the memory of Mom then a small gray dog through a first car, a wreck but what the hell it ran

FOIL THE FUZZ

IF YOU ARE QUESTIONED BY A POLICEMAN:

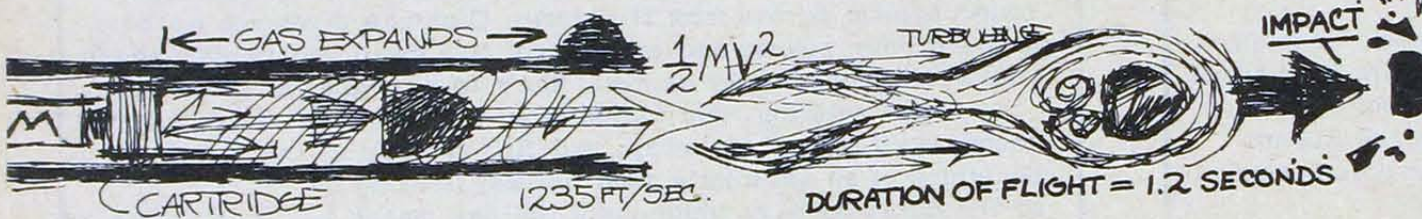
1. You may remain silent; you do not have to answer any questions other than your name and address.
2. Ask if you are under arrest. If so, you have the right to know the charge against you. If not, you should be free to leave. Never, under any circumstances, run from a policeman.
3. Do not physically resist. If the policeman wishes to search you, make it clear that you do not agree to any search of yourself. If searched, do not resist.

IF YOU ARE ARRESTED OR HELD:

1. Never run away, strike an officer, or physically resist, whether you are innocent or guilty. Go with the officer; you can make your defense in court.

2. You have the right to remain silent; use it. Tell the police nothing except your name and address. Don't give explanations or stories or try to excuse yourself (your conduct). Don't engage in "friendly" conversation.
3. Ask to see a lawyer immediately. If you have been charged with a felony, and are not able to pay for a lawyer, you have a right to free legal services. Ask the police to get you a lawyer. Don't talk to officials unless your lawyer is with you.
4. You can protect your right against unlawful search by making it clear that you do not agree to any search. Do not physically resist. If the police say that they have a warrant, ask to see it.
5. After you are booked, use your rights to make one telephone call. Sometimes you can be released without bail ("P.R.") or have bail lowered. Be sure to ask the judge about it. You have the right to go into court the next court day after you have been charged.
6. Don't make any decisions in your case until you have talked to a lawyer and understand what your choices are.

CAUTION: These are general statements and do not cover all situations. For further information contact: AMERICAN CIVIL LIBERTIES UNION OF WASHINGTON (ACLU) 2101 Smith Tower, Seattle, Washington 98104 Phone: MA 4-2180



IDENTIFY

YOUNG

HEAD KIT

In an effort to aid in Campbell's "Final Solution" to the burgeoning "Hippy Problem", your City Government requests that you wear this armband whenever you are outside your own house. The police and other authority figures will appreciate your co-operation in identifying yourself as a "hippy". The sudden appearance of "hippies" under the guise of respectable citizens — i.e. wearing suits, holding good jobs, luxury apartments and affecting short hair — has made the establishment doubt its ability to preserve its sociological purity and, God forbid, even its basic ethic. In order to ensure the past and present way of life of us all — not to spill the appleart — we ask one and all "love children" to identify themselves, and clearly point out to the citizenry who the "hippies" are, whether or not they look straight. Wearing this armband will help openly establish our position as second class citizens and protect others from unnecessary contact with us.

To effectively wear this armband, hug the side of walls while walking down the street, making sure not to obstruct straight people who are entitled to exclusive use of the sidewalks and court-yards of our city. Cringe whenever spoken or transport, and be sure to only sit at the back of the bus. Whimper and beg for mercy whenever approached by the police; retain this baggie — finding it on your person will reassure the police they were right in stripping you.

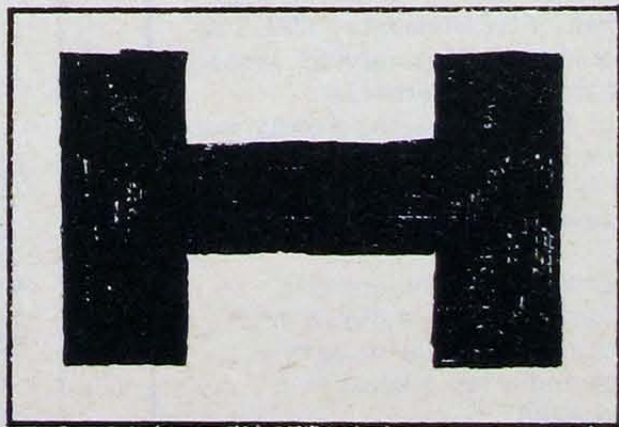
Life is THEATRE

Your City Government asks for token support of this contribution to the "Final Solution" by imposing a \$1.00 Head Tax.

Up in Vancouver, Canada, The City Government--an anti-establishment unorganization--has set out to identify ITS citizens. It has printed 5,000 armbands which consist of the large black letter "H" (for hippie) on a white background.

The sole purpose of the armbands, says The City Government, "is for the enjoyment of our citizens whose basic rights and freedoms have been so shit upon lately that they have almost (and justifiably so) lost their sense of humor. These armbands IDENTIFY our citizens...and better yet, they make them virtually immune from the law, which is mistaken for justice nowadays."

With each armband comes an explanation kit, reproduced above with the big H.



through a huge area of scraped knees and pulled pigtails then a little bit of fear -- about this about that about bullets then through a first kiss and the warm soft skin of a girl and plans for a boat -- someday and tears -- of acid wine first tasted -- the remembrance of raucous birds calling in the soft gray dawns of winter of food cooking warm and pungent -- of sex and school and sandwiches and sorrows -- then he was through that map of life and out the otherside easy as punch flicking Helmet's edge continuing on erratic now partly flattened going 662 feet per second slowing down until 853 feet on he rests himself in a palm tree sitting there warmly -- duty done -- to map Hell where Paradise had been.

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☐ BY GENERAL HERSEY BAR

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☐ BY PRESIDENT DOCTOR SPOKE

APPROVED BY

(NAME OF SIGNER)

General Waste-more-land

(FIRST GENERAL OF HOLY LOCAL RESISTANCE)

(RESISTANT'S SIGNATURE)

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POEM: "VICTORY" BY R. J. WILLIS

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THE BOND

The Servicemen's Newspaper

Seattle's hip scene is "healthy and vital" compared to Berkeley and Haight-Ashbury, says a veteran Bay Area activist and co-founder of The Bond, anti-war GI newspaper.

Bill Callison 24 years old, full-bearded, and under indictment for draft evasion blames the collapse of the Berkeley mother-church on "liberal conciliators still arguing how to tell people to have a revolution while Hippies are out living their revolution." But Callison, an avowed Marxist, says Hashbury has become "a dirty deserted place where people burn you for drugs" because they are still caught up in the profit system.

Berkeley liberals, the people who have taken over, are always warning you how backward everywhere else is," he said, "but Seattle has been a delight. It's fresh and beautiful. The mystique of love and gentleness is still visible here."

When he helped start The Bond last June, a mailing went to the Bay Area's renowned liberal community. The response barely paid for stamps. Now printed in New York with Left-Trot affiliations, the paper has a monthly circulation of 12,000-- 3,000 being GI's around the world. The military has been unable to legally suppress it on army bases.

Passed out locally by the Seattle GI Rights Committee, it is received enthusiastically by nearly all soldiers, say local members Tom Beggs and Tom Warner. Lawmen bounce them from Sea-Tac Airport when they appear with their wares, however, and they currently concentrate on the bus station.

Callison attended Central Kitsap HS and majored in Political Science at Stanford and Cal. He frankly lusts after revolution, admits the radical left is badly fragmented, but is hopeful of that chimera: a workable Marxist coalition.

Other judgements:

"Traditional politics is an absurd shuck... McCarthy is worthless... The Peace and Freedom Party is only a tail on the Black Panther... Black militants will cooperate with whites, but only when whites get their thing together."

His heresies have acquainted him with harrassment. He told of a woman on The Bond staff who sent her phone bill to the FBI, reasoning that she paid for a private line and they shared it with her. The phone company admitted the line was tapped but reported itself unable to track down the miscreant.

Callison's indictment stemmed from being ejected from the induction center for leafletting before his draft procedure began. He was charged with disorderly conduct, beat the rap, and a year later was indicted for refusing induction.

"My lawyer thought it would be foolish to take a jury because we had such a good case. But the judge found me guilty. I want to tell all of you out there in McLuhanland: ALWAYS ASK FOR A JURY!"

"Am I going to split for Canada if I lose the appeal? NO. If they think I'm so evil I should be in jail, I'll go to jail."

Is The Bond making it? "You Wouldn't believe the trouble the army is having with draftees. And now they're going to induct 100,000 grad students! Johnson is on a complete bumner, isn't he?"

In October 1966, Bill Callison former editor of the BOND, was arrested by Oakland police as he was going through the induction procedure because he was handing out leaflets against the war. They charged him with "disturbing the peace". He was later acquitted. Since the police had him in custody he was not able to complete his induction, and so, Callison was recently convicted by Federal judge George Harris of REFUSING induction. Damning testimony was given by Army Colonel William Charles who testified that Callison did not intend to be inducted.



PEACE FAST

Using the inspiration and historical lesson of Ghandi's work in India, Satyagraha, headquartered in Geneva, N.Y., has organized a huge International Fast. On campuses both here abroad people will fast for four days beginning on Mother's Day, May 12. Here in Seattle people fasting and those choosing not to fast will meet on hippie hill (15th N.E. and 42nd N.E.) to converse and relate. There is no structured time to meet; people will just show up at their convenience.

Two students of Hobart College (Geneva, New York) covered 8,000 in one and a half weeks publicizing the fast. Included in their many stops was Seattle. The purpose, according to Donald G. Doud, one of the Satyagraha visitors, was to demonstrate the concern of young people over the senseless slaughter in Vietnam. Posters and information sheets are available at the Helix office.

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Health-Aid can help!!! Give this ad to an old friend, even when you go down this stays Hard - Recommended by a doctor, needed by a lot of men, and we have it. REVERSIBLE, SAFE, AND very enjoyable, \$12.00. For more info send \$1.00. Refund on first order. HE JOHNSON, Box 171 Dept. 80 Riverside Dr. N.Y. City 10024

14



Your Good Health

Medical Column David Bearmen, M.D.

DOES LSD CAUSE CHROMOSOMAL ABNORMALITIES?

The definitive answer is not yet resolved and so I must cop out. Presently there are 8 reported studies on this question; 4 definitely show an increase in chromosomal abnormality and 4 definitely do not. I have read some of these studies, but not all. As with any type of experimental inquiry there can always be a question as to sample size, control groups, experimental technique, or experimental bias. In regards to LSD and chromosomal damage it is safe to say that the question has been raised but is not conclusively answered at this time.

I take this opportunity to add my mourning to that of the entire world concerned with the rights of man or the brutal death of a great man, the Reverend Dr. Martin Luther King. He was a man who was ministering to the moral health of the nation - we must work in a positive fashion to remove the ugly festering sore of segregation and bigotry from the body of this country, so that we may ALL live in peace and health.

WHAT ARE "CRABS" AND WHAT IS THE TREATMENT OF "CRABS"?

Crabs or pediculosis pubis is caused by phthirus pubis (crab louse), a small pale brown ugly looking parasite, which when present ordinarily infests the hairs of the pubic region; however it may involve the hairs of the armpit, eyebrows, eyelashes, beard and bodily surface.

The origin is usually through intercourse, although it may be acquired from objects such as toilet seats, clothes and bedding. (This is not true of most other venereal infections i.e. gonorrhea, syphilis, etc.)

The egg or nits commonly are attached to the base of hair shafts. (Nit picking being the removal of these ova.) The main symptom is the presence of intense itching in the pubic region. Upon inspection one may note the parasite or its ova. A secondary dermatitis is not uncommon due to self-medication; therefore proper treatment is essential.

Treatment recommended is application of 10% DDT in talcum or Kwell (1% gamma benzene hexachloride). Application of kerosene to hairy areas and washing in 30 minutes is also mentioned by some sources. Infection of the eyelids may be more difficult to manage - yellow oxide of mercury may be rubbed in and the parasite removed via forceps.

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It took a hundred years to pass and enforce some kind of law about killing civil rights workers, but once we get a violator of some kind and a real live manhunt, we're righteous he-speed GONE! It's not that we've become suddenly offended by nigger killings--we still can't get a rat control bill passed, at least for the ghetto. Millions, of course, are spent on protecting farm surplus from rats; but black people haven't counted as liquid assets for some time now. We give our vengeance a little more freely; the entire social machinery focuses on hunting down some poor, fully symbolized murderer.

VISION:

Dark figure leaps across windblown ice floes; out from a black stand of elms along the shore rush heated, baying thousands in pursuit. Bystander runs up, "What's he done?"

"Bastard voided 38 zillion worth of fire insurance!"

They run on.

But King is not forgotten: Harper & Row, for example, have announced the creation of a \$1000 dollar literary prize in King's name, various US politicians are concerned--extremely concerned--that Martin's peaceful message be remembered--and new garbage is received from Memphis daily.

E. Starvo Galt--who is probably a golem created by Ayn Rand and not responsible for his actions anyway--is given more newspaper space by being free than Chaney got from being killed.

Newspaper space and position is a strange thing anyway: one tends to get the feeling that news events come already labeled PAGE ONE, ABOUT 10,000 WORDS. Take almost any non-filler story in the paper, fill it out with statistics and comments about informed sources, and imagine it on the front page: bang, it's important news. Somewhere, some editor has to sit down and decide whether an assassination will sell more papers/ attract more interest than, say, a gold crisis.

"Well, better add a little more on the killer hunt or we'll have to refund money to the goddamn old wino newsdealers...but enough is enough. Lets move the syndicated Reston from page one to the editorial page, and see what Bill Hearst has to say next Sunday."

Next Sunday Bill tells us that what makes the North Viet such tricky devils to fight is the traditional Oriental (Buddhist) lack of respect for human life. What can you expect from a race that invented gunpowder? If there were only some way to whiten Ho...

NY Times also gives front page coverage to intelligent, vivacious Linda LeClair, 20, who chose to live in off campus sin with a young man. Her father, who works in a bank, does not approve, and further is beginning to wonder if he isn't spending too much of the bank's time talking to reporters.

You know someone had to send those reporters out on their mission: editor speaks tersely into phone.

"This looks like a job for SALISBURY!" Spidy and Poteet, blue with periodic cramps and protesting all the way, are rushed off to Saigon; Lippmann goes to Columbia to get the other side of the picture and the Times Literary Supplement comes out with a double issue. Iron Myke crawls back under the City Desk with the Dean of Women; Drew Pearson reveals that Linda is a dyke and her paramour is a Homuncula grown illicitly with cuttings stolen from Gov. Lurleen's personal physician.

Finally the newshound on the LeClair case dug down into the guilty meat of the matter: all this notoriety was making things very hard for Linda's seventeen year old brother. Think of what you're doing to us here at home...

Cameras flash, "Hold it Mr. LeClair--that's right, now smile. Tell me, would you say that all the publicity which your daughter has been receiving has had any adverse effect? In what way...hold it!" Flash bulbs pop again.

Mayor Lindsay has recently succeeded in getting a bill passed to permit newspaper vendors to sell small, inexpensive items along with papers to make up for the loss of revenue caused by the folding of various NYC papers. "Well, these papers are ten cents apiece, while those over there are slightly more; but you can soak the logo in orange juice...yeah, four makes a nice high." Then, of course, you have the problem of what to do with the paper. There is no journalistic equivalent of Fahey, though Stromburg occasionally comes on like the Mothers.

More from the Times: Admiral Hyman Rickover appears to be, at long last, succeeding in his battle to get the Defense Department to give him more, sleeker, faster nuclear submarines. Wouldn't it be a gas if you and I were sterilized forever from fallout by long phallic missiles thrown up by long phallic subs thrown up by Mr. and Mrs. Rickover's poor taste in first names?

"Hey fellas, Maidenhead here says he wants to be a sailor!"

"Yeah, well that's cool, as long as he doesn't get on any bicycles haha."

Someday you'll be SORRY!

And back to E. Starvo Galt: Castro, champion of the underdog, dismissed reports that Galt was headed toward Cuba and announced that if Galt did arrive in Cuba, he would be turned over to American Negroes rather than the "racist" US courts. Could Fidel be a pseudonym for Micky Spillane? who wants tomorrow's papers?

JOHN CUNNICK



FRIDAY APRIL 26 8:00 P.M. AT THE HOLMES HALL CHAPEL directly south of THE UNIVERSITY UNITARIAN CHURCH, 6556 35th N.E.

FEATURING: POET DENISE LEVERTOV

INTEGRATED HANDSPUN

Integrated handspun...overtwist...flax wheel...media...texture.

This is the terminology of yarn and textile artists who will display their work in a new exhibit called Integrated Handspun at the Seattle Center's Northwest Craft Center and Gallery from May 3 to 26.

The exhibit will offer the work of Paula Simmons of Suquamish and Allen Fannin of Brooklyn. Mrs. Simmons' work will include afghans, scarves and rugs from handspun natural color and vegetable dyed wool. Fannin will show wall and space hangings of handspun natural and man-made fibres.

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16 STRUNG-OUT

The new productions at the Ensemble Theater comprise an evening of well-executed entertaining theater. On opening night the small space on Occidental was almost filled and the plays were well received by the audience--a far cry from the dull shivering meager attendants of the winter.

The first play, "The Great American Desert" by Joel Oppenheimer, is a sharp slash at the Hollywood Cowboy Hero and at the American imagination for ever swallowing the particular myth. While three sweating swearing Cow Hands turned Bank Robbers struggle through heat, sand, thirst, beans, Indians, morphine addiction and the clap, the futzy old Gods: Wyatt, Wild Bill, Billy and Doc hum old Cowboy anthems, creak in their Heavenly chairs, and drily relate the horrors of the Real Old West. Of course the Gods are Perverts of one sort or another; Leather Freaks, Violence Freaks, Hostility-Ridden Paranoiacs, or just plain old Machiavellian Country Con Men. The staging is ingenious and fun, all your favorite characters are their own garroulous selves, even Kitty--the old whore.

The second, "The Clown Play," is an exercise or "teaching piece" by Brecht which was translated only last year. And it does "teach" as only the master can. The casting drives the lesson even deeper.

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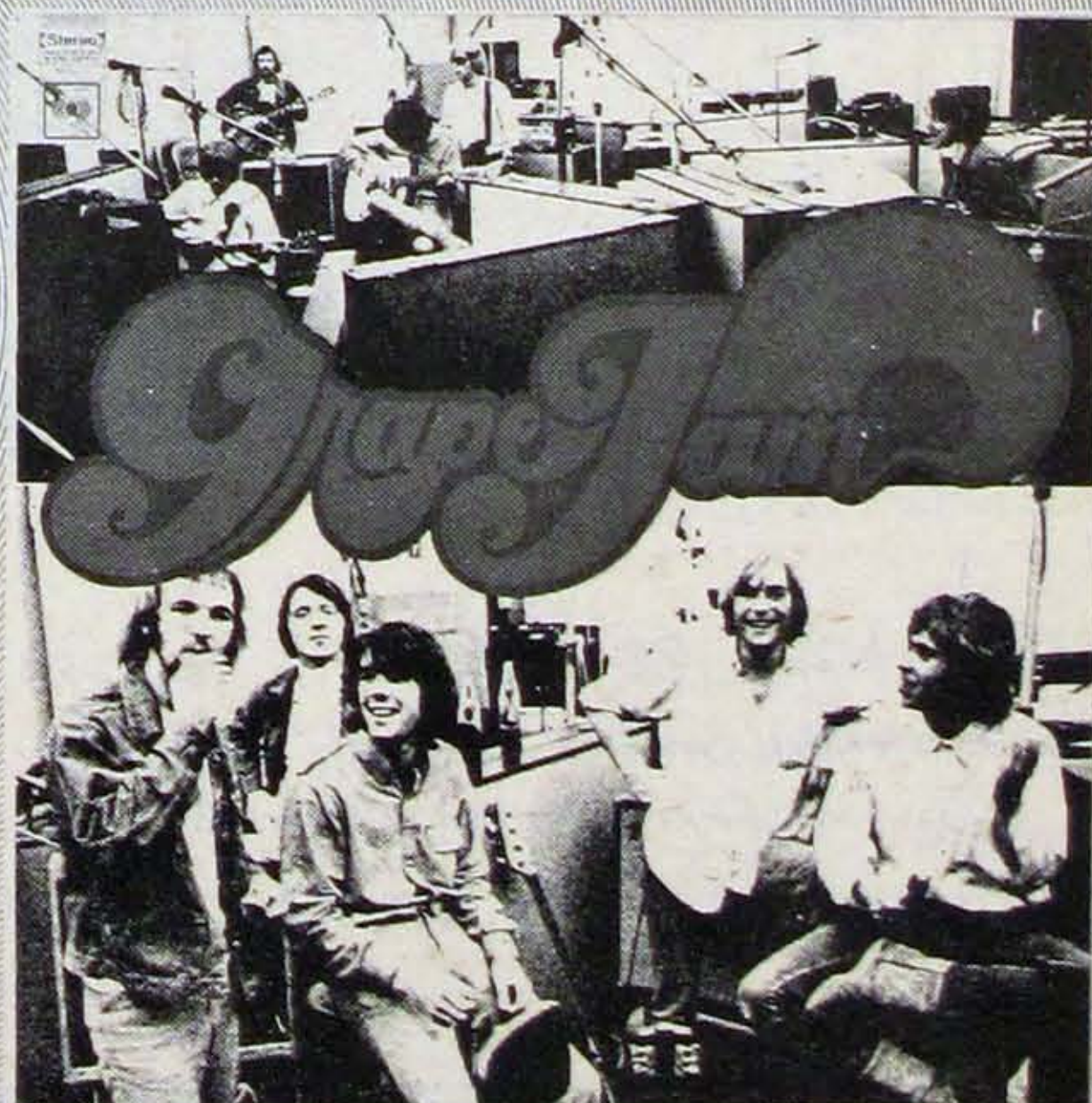
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FRAME 17



Elvira Madigan is the beauty of simplicity quietly presented: no boldface preface THERE IS GOING TO BE SOME COMPLICATED SCENE SWITCHING HERE. KEEP ON YOUR TOES, as precedes *Ulysses*. The complication here is the absence of superfluity, the fog of the obvious. Widerberg's economy in his art allows the extravagance of a meticulous presentation. Flawless scenes unroll cleanly in a barely perceptible procession of events. The audience squirms in seats, wondering when the point is going to flash off the screen into their shiny little heads. Hopefully, they realize that the lilting scenes passing by are not a complement to what might otherwise be a visually uninspired theme, that the camera work, acting and story are the film, and the film is, in itself the theme of beauty-love/death.

Elvira Madigan was not filmed through color filters or grids of daisies; it does not even seem to have been recorded by the voyeuristic eye of a camera lurking in the bushes. At the risk of sounding sappy, I will say it is as though through a natural act that the story unfolds; thus all possible embarrassment for intrusion is eliminated. The director aided this in that his respect for the viewer precluded zooming in on significant particulars and pausing interminably until the picture engraves itself in your mind. His direction was obvious only as a force, never as an overt exertion.

The story is timely and true, that of a deserter from the Swedish army in the late 19th Century, which the PI failed to mention, and the runaway circus queen, the eventuality of their starving directed by their love. Many dismiss the problems of the lovers as superficial, middle-class and absurd; unfortunately, they dismiss the indisputable beauty of the filming as well. Apparently they would prefer to shovel their way through visual garbage seeking to re-recognize the nauseous themes which accompany it, which is as bourgeois as "You've got to work for what you get" as I see it.

P.C.

VIVRE POUR VIVRE (Live For Life) Claude Lelouch -- Neptune Theatre, indef.

LIVE FOR LIFE follows the same formula as A MAN AND A WOMAN: Beautiful People, Interesting People, and Exciting Places. The interesting places include Paris, the Congo, Kenya, a boxing match, Amsterdam, a ski resort, the top of the Pan Am building and the rice fields of Nice masquerading as the paddy fields of South Vietnam (particularly cheap episode, that). The moral of the film seems to be that being captured by the Viet Cong can save your marriage.

AMAAW ran so long because it was the perfect first-date picture: foreign to flatter her judgment, but simple to match her mind, and all about LUV to get her warmed up for later. LIVE FOR LIFE won't be any good for that, unless you dig mental defectives.

Exhausted, the three survivors of America's first interstellar expedition heave themselves onto a barren shore, and gaze anxiously back at the ocean where moments earlier their crippled space craft ditched. Overhead blazes, not the red giant Betelgeuse, their programmed destination, but rather a yellow-white star of lesser magnitude. Having journeyed an unknown distance at the speed of light minus epsilon, time for the hibernating crew inched a mere 300 days forward, while on earth the date raced 200 years into an unimaginable future. Marooned in time and space, one crewman stoops to plant a small American flag, the mummified symbol of a nation long since turned to dust, as the expedition leader's mocking laughter echoes and re-echoes among the towering crags of the planet of the apes.

A. P. Jacob's production of "Planet of the Apes" spares no expense in rendering a believable vision of world where evolution has favored the Gorilla, the Orangutang and the Chimpanzees over that other great ape, man. The photographic effects of the venerable J. B. Abbot and the cosmetic creations of John Chambers combine to produce a simian milieu consistent to the minutist detail. But where the visual excels, the script lags far behind.

The screenplay written by Michael Wilson and Rod Serling is not so much an adaptation of Pierre Boulle's novel as it is a substitution. The screenplay blunders into all the pitfalls that Boulle so artfully avoided in his book. Serling sacrifices the novel's most essential and interesting concepts like parallel evolution and the relationship of simian society to human society, instead maintaining a superficial similarity to the novel's plot. It is not necessary to so shamelessly simplify in adapting literature to cinema.

Ignoring the novel, the screenplay is still interesting, if perhaps a tad hackneyed. The lines are more than rescued by the skill of Maurice Evans, Kim Hunter and Roddy McDowell, whose credibility as leading ape personalities lead one almost to ignore their physiology. Charlton Heston is, as always, pretty.

The story that is told is told well and never loses its grip. Heavyhanded moralizations are obscured, fortunately, by the pace of the story's action. Even the conclusion, through readily anticipated, retains its impact.

Like a Marvel comic, it is the visual imagery that counts here. And if you remember the plot from a Twilight Zone rerun, the film is still good fun.

W.C.

"The Fox" has been reviewed ("sick, slick" TIME) and advertised (The Fox Symbol of the Male) as a sexploitation film thinly disguised by D.H. Lawrence's novella. The critics have taken offense at the three sexual scenes in the film, arguing that they were neither written nor intended by the author. Lawrence is hot stuff and the film does have its moments: quiet lonely masturbation after a bath, intense naked love-making on the floor of a cabin, and a beautiful passionate kiss shared by two women living together in the Canadian woods.

These scenes intrude neither on the mood of the film as a whole nor on the sustained awareness of sex as the motivation of human acts that makes Lawrence hotter stuff than hard core pornographic beaver shots. The adaptation of the text for the film (by Carlino and Koch) remains amazingly faithful to Lawrence, the photography (directed by Mark Rydell, his first film) serves the story effectively and culminates in an image as overwhelming as Lawrence's ending is long, the music (composed by Lalo Schiffrin) is at times pointlessly melodramatic-reducing some scenes to sheer TV bugaboo although the sound track should sell well as an album, the casting is excellent: Sandy Denis mouths and flutters her way as the dazed, dependant Jill, Anne Heywood skillfully ranges from the severe to the sensual, from the monastic to the mesmerized, and mmmmmmmmm Keir Dullea, (David in "David and Lisa") even looks like a fox. In all the film is an engaging and respectful rendering of a great writer's work and hopefully, an indication of better films to come from Director Rydell. Even the cartoon showing with "The Fox" at the Uptown -- Mr. Nobody, -- who opens doors in his mind and walks into Games. --

T.H.

LA GUERRE EST FINIE (The War is Over -- Alain Renais -- Redgement, until Apr. 29th)

In LA GUERRE EST FINIE Yves Montand plays a Spanish Communist revolutionary whose mission to Madrid has gone wrong. The film tells the story of the next few days, not just with beauty and intelligence (don't let the intelligence scare you), but with suspense. Renais, who in L'ANNEE DERNIERE A MARIENBAD was probably the most gimmicky and least substantial film ever made, has made one of the most simple and elegant movies I have ever seen. Like all very great movies, like LA GRANDE ILLUSION or THE MAGNIFICENT AMBERSONS, LA GUERRE EST FINIE is ultimately about the most difficult of subjects: how it feels to be alive. Ends Monday the 29th, so see it at once.

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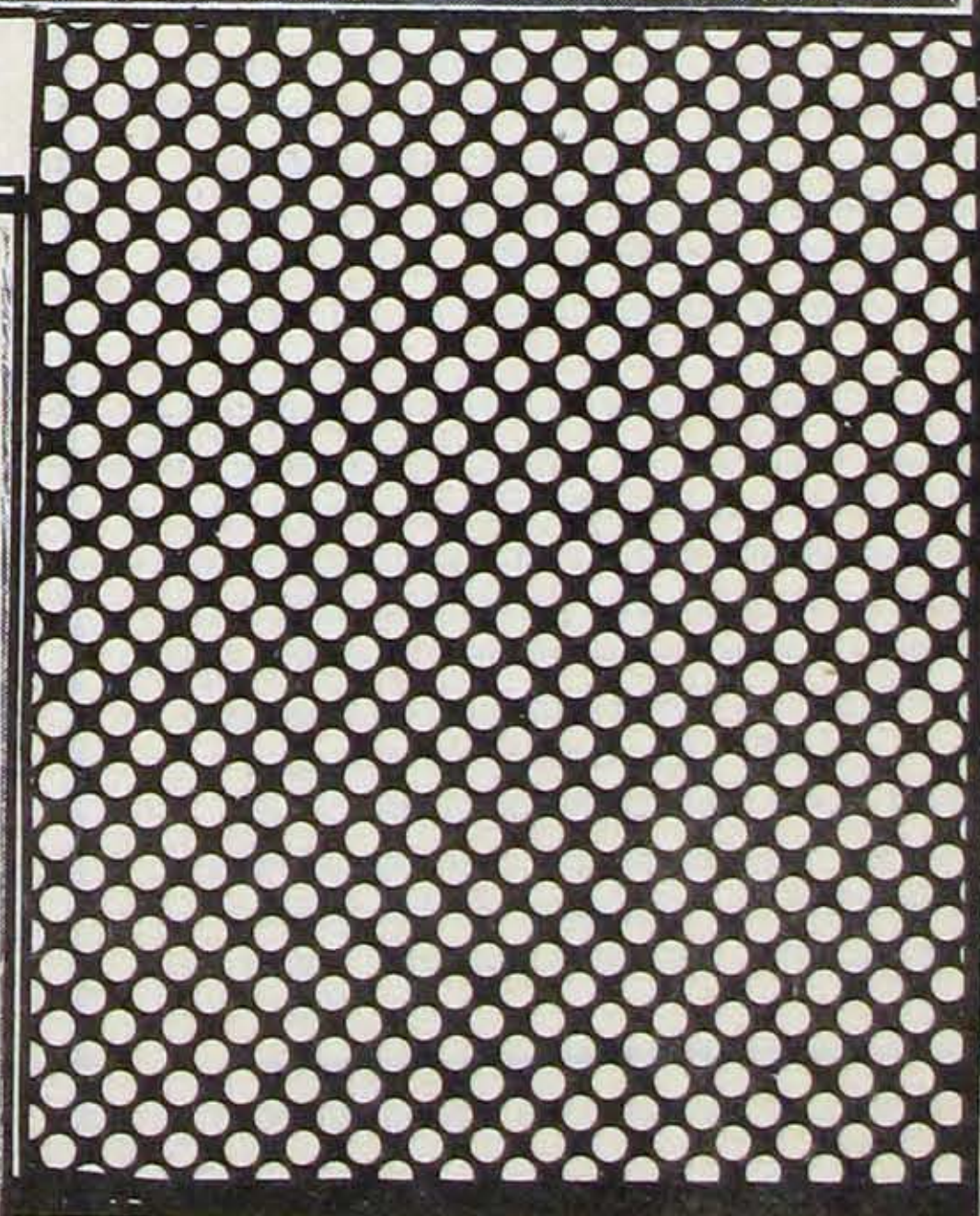
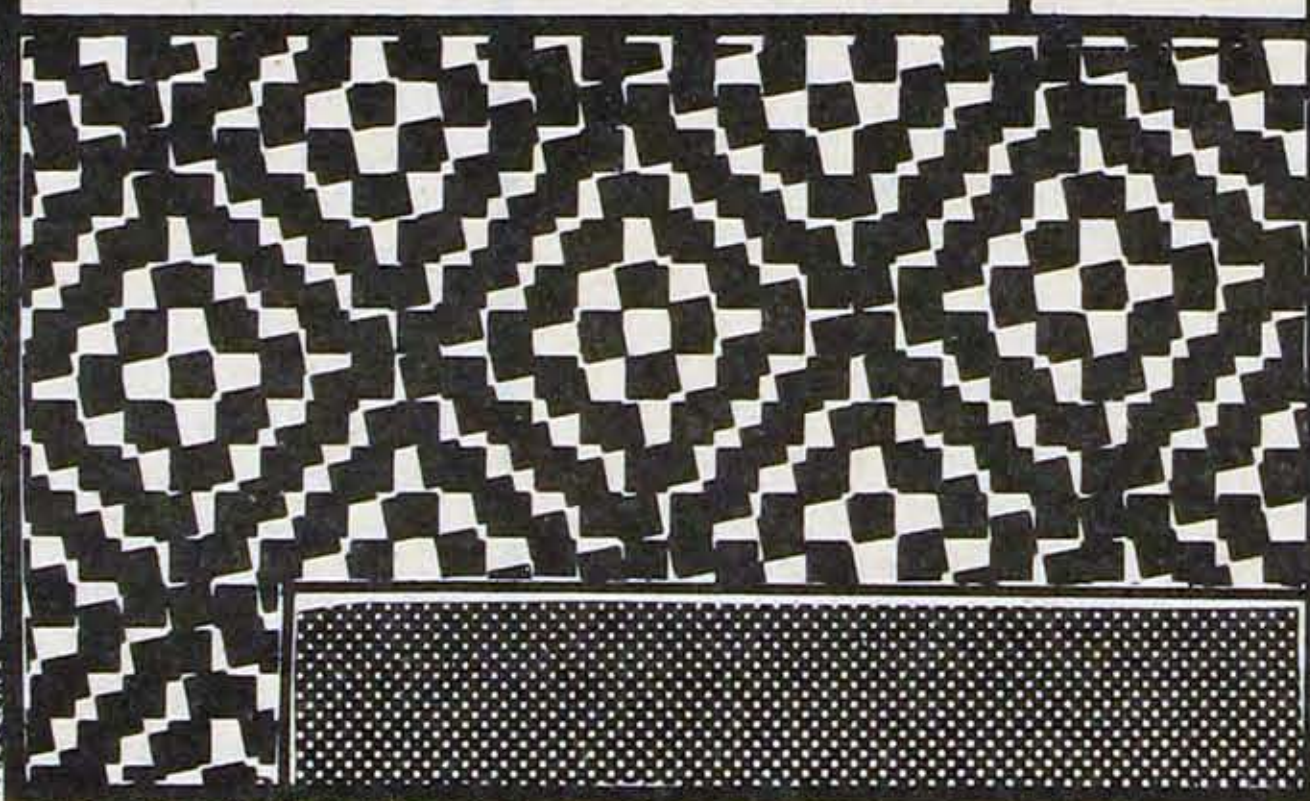
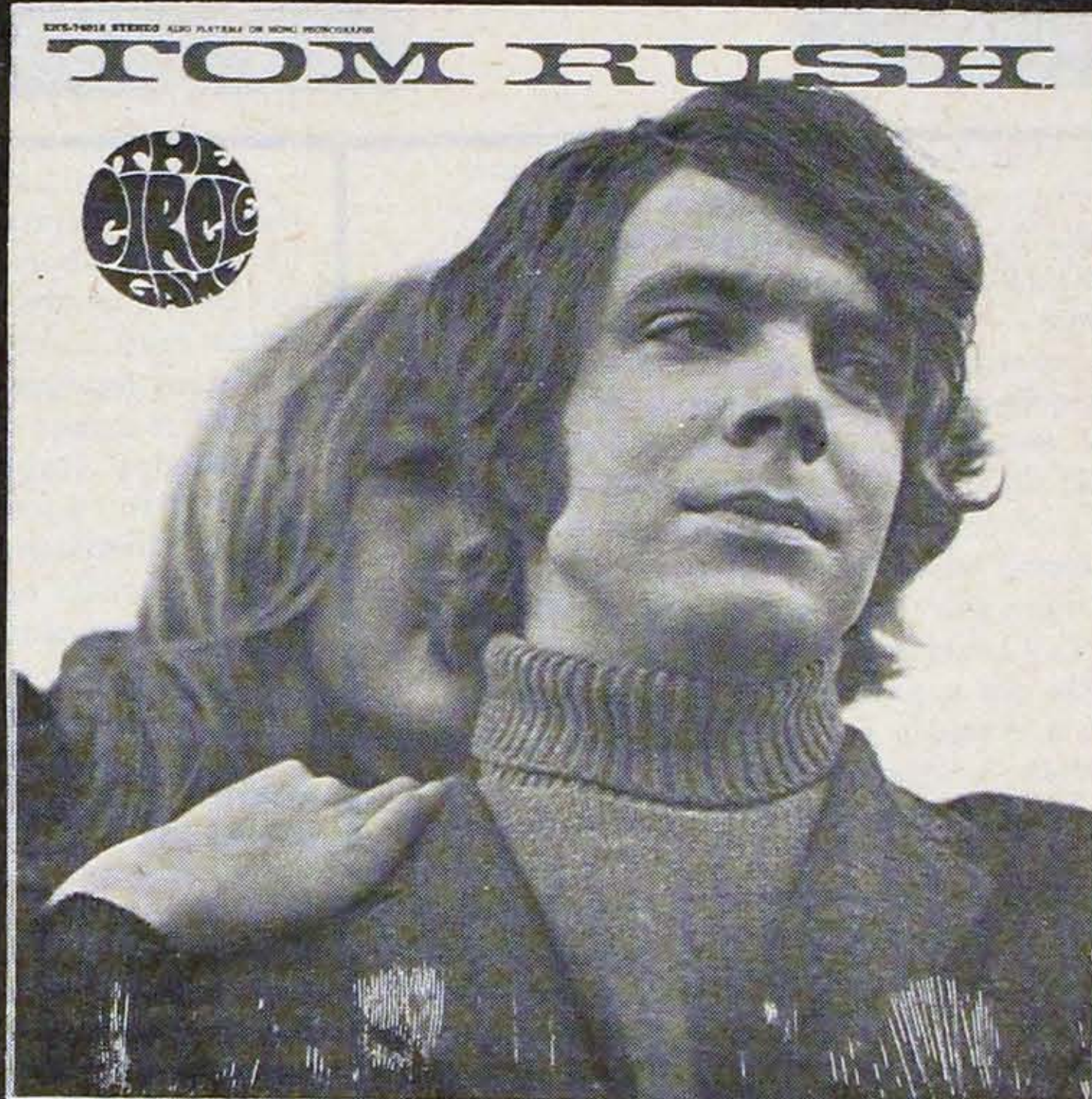
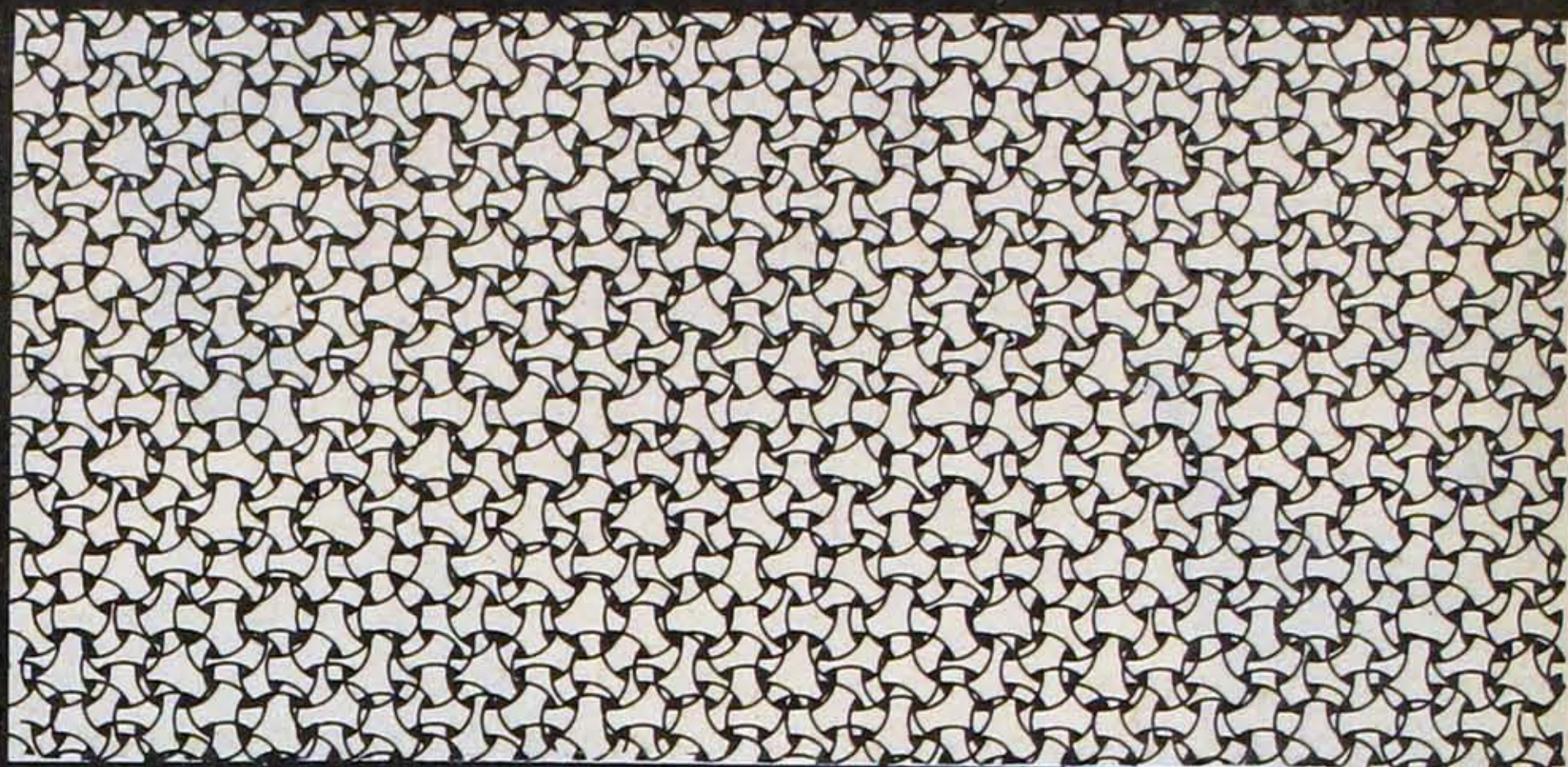
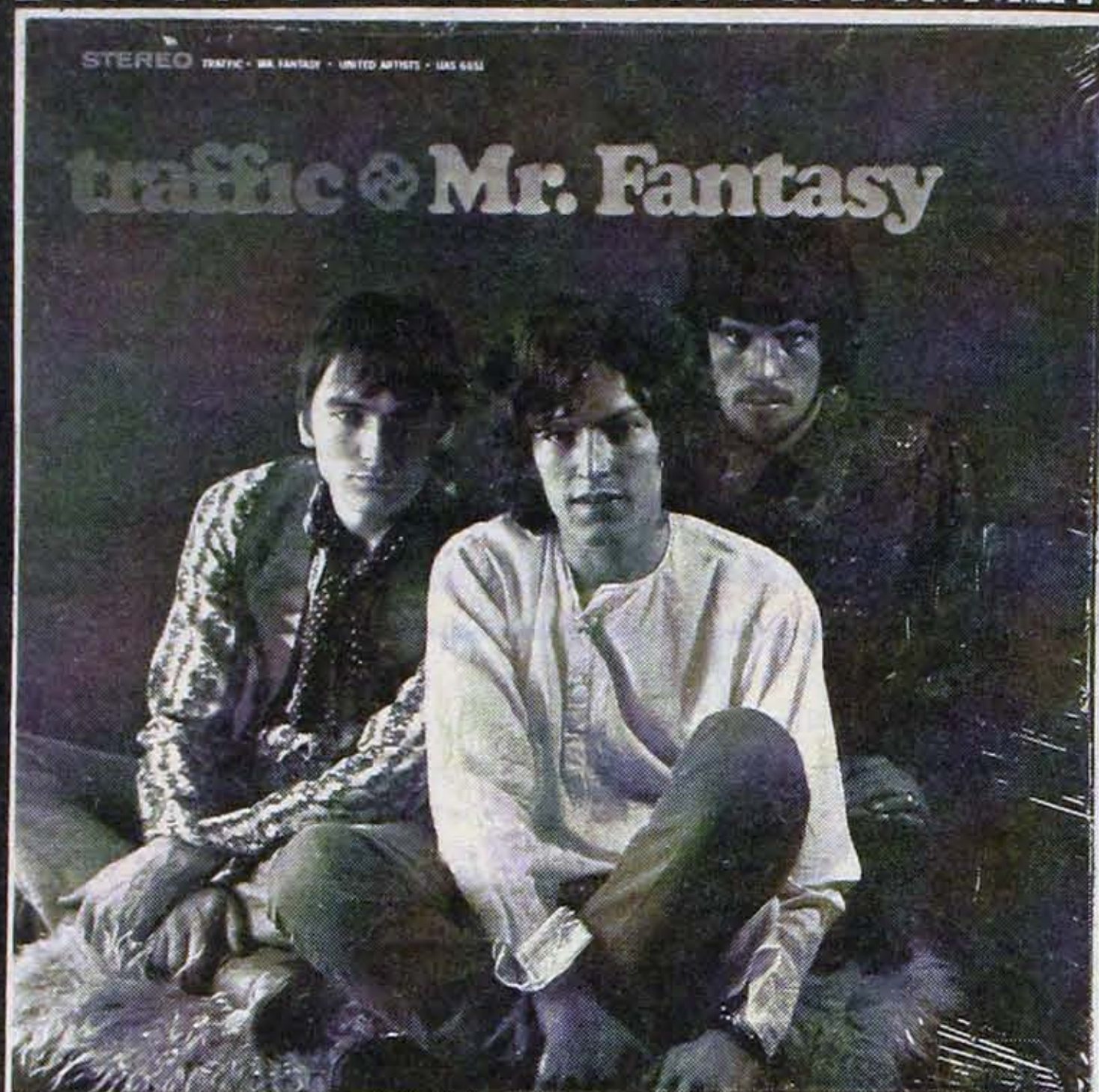
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SERGEANT SUNSHINE DROPS HIS GUN AND BLOWS A JOINT

Easter noon on the steps of the Hall of Justice a cop with a red ribbon in his hat and an iris in his lapel took out a joint and lit up.

"I wasn't there for grass, I was there for a bigger thing. We're trying to start a disarmament program with a ten cent piece of ribbon."

Sergeant Sunshine, "the pot-smoking cop," was sitting in his red underwear on a bare mattress, discussing his pot bust. As friends wandered in and out he explained why he thinks cops shouldn't wear guns.

"They arrested my best friend and that pissed me off. I can smoke it and hide and my friend gets busted. So I figured to lay the whole thing out on the front steps of the Hall of Justice. But marijuana was only part of it."

"I'd like to stop some of this killing. There's no sense in killing something unless you can eat it. I like being a policeman. I'd still like to be one. But the police code of ethics says it is the fundamental duty of a policeman to serve mankind. You don't serve people with guns. I've never seen one on a waiter yet."

"I don't need a gun to deal with people because I'm not afraid of them. Any policeman who can't take off his gun and put a red ribbon around his hat ought to go look for a safer occupation."

Sergeant Sunshine, known to the straight world as Sergeant Richard Bergess, spent twelve years on the San Francisco police force. Two years ago he kept some confiscated grass and tried it. He's been turning on regularly since.

He explained that he liked most of the men he worked with on the force, but that most of them were up-tight and frightened in their dealings with the public. Sergeant Sunshine thinks police and the public would get on better if the cops didn't wear guns.

"How come uniforms do such nasty things to people? I know and like 90 per cent of the police officers. How is it that I see them as nice and you see them as pricks? We need a new image. I'm hoping that there will be some policemen out there who will listen to me and say 'Hey, maybe he's right.' If there are any other cops around that have the guts they should put a ribbon on their hats and a smile on their faces and put the gun in the trunk if they feel they really need it around. But don't wear it."

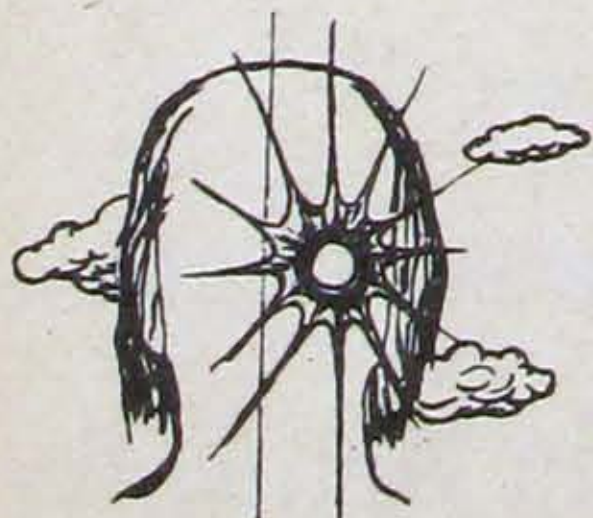
Bergess didn't want to talk about the use of drugs among other policemen. He said most of what he could say would be gossip and that none of it really mattered. He doesn't believe it does any good to stress the negative, as he puts it.

"Course, it's all true. We all know it's true, it's not news. But it's like sitting around talking about your operations. It doesn't accomplish anything."

The conversation ebbed as Sergeant Sunshine wrapped himself in a pink blanket and complained about the Fairmont, where he spent Sunday night after his release from jail.

Boyd, the best friend whose initial arrest sparked the Easter incident, sat on a table in bright flowered shirt and striped cords and rapped. Periodically he would urge Bergess to go to sleep. Bergess looked like he was about to drop off any minute, but didn't want to sleep yet. He followed the conversation sporadically, commenting occasionally.

"I only have one more thing to say," Bergess interrupted Boyd at one point. "I'd like to encourage the cops to keep a little of the next stash they confiscate and try it. It really is great shit. Maybe they'll understand if you say it's like pouring your best bourbon down the sink."



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CIA'S NEW SECRET WEAPON

Just about a week following the dispatch of six F-111 fighter-bombers to SE Asia, the military admitted that the 2nd one had already been "lost." And now, a month later, the 3rd. The F-111 is being used in combat for the first time after being the object of much controversy under the experimental designation of "TFX."

A source close to the administration, who for obvious reasons wishes to remain anonymous, admitted these "losses" to be part of the latest CIA plan to defeat North Vietnam.

"The plan," he confided, "is to lose enough of these planes over enemy territory to ensure their being able to piece together at least one relatively undamaged plane. Once they do this it is expected they will start building them." The F-111, generally admitted to be quite useless and extremely expensive (the price probably running close to 8 figures -- all to the left of the decimal), is expected to completely destroy North Vietnam's economy within a year if put into production there.

ACLU Blasts Leak of DA's Army Records

Criticizing the release of the military medical records of New Orleans District Attorney James C. Garrison, the ACLU has called for an overhaul of procedures for maintaining the security of such documents.

Details from Garrison's records, which are kept in the Pentagon and the Army Records Center in St. Louis, appeared in a *Chicago Tribune* story of Dec. 29, 1967. The Army later announced an investigation to determine how the information was obtained.

In a letter to David E. McGiffert, Under Secretary of the Army, ACLU Washington Director Lawrence Speiser pointed out that medical records are specifically exempt from the Freedom of Information Act. Disclosure of medical information invades privacy and "inevitably" has "unfortunate repercussions," Speiser said.

"Veterans, or servicemen, or their families, needing medical or psychiatric treatment will avoid governmental or military hospitals, since they will fear that at some future time their records may be publicly disclosed. This, of course, would have a deleterious effect on such personnel in inhibiting them from getting needed medical or psychiatric treatment."

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Fish to Hit France - On Film

Four San Francisco rock and roll bands are featured in the film *Revolution* by Jack O'Connell: Country Joe and the Fish, Quicksilver Messenger Service, the Steve Miller Blues Band and Mother Earth. The movie, which will be in theaters by the end of April, is a likely entry in this year's Cannes Film Festival, held on the French Riviera.

Revolution's central character is a girl self-named Today Malone, whom O'Connell discovered dancing at the Avalon Ballroom

one night. Also appearing in the film—an attempt, says its maker, to present the hippies as they are, without moralizing or "explanation"—are Ed Denson, manager of the Fish; Lou Gottlieb of the Morning Star Ranch; Ann Halpern's nude dancers and Herb Caen, San Francisco *Chronicle* columnist, telling how he was first turned on to marijuana by a S.F. Police Department sergeant whom he accompanied on a narcotics raid as a 17-year-old cub reporter.

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Union Handles 10% Of Court's Cases

Almost 10 per cent—or 14—of the cases the U.S. Supreme Court has agreed to review this year are ACLU cases.

The Union or a Union affiliate represents the plaintiffs in suits to desegregate Alabama jails, eliminate "man in the house" welfare laws, establish the right of high school students to wear armbands, establish the right of taxpayers to sue the federal government, bar the "loaning" of textbooks to parochial school students at public expense, overturn restrictions against right wing demonstrations, and win damages for illegitimate children for the wrongful death of their mother.

The Union represents the defendants in challenges to the draft card burning law, police searches without probable cause, and denials of jury trials in state criminal prosecutions.

So far this term the Supreme Court has decided in the Union's favor in challenges to the Maryland and Texas loyalty oaths, denials of counsel at probation revocation hearings, and Merchant Marine loyalty-security regulations.

WE COME IN PEACE

My brothers, my sisters in Light, I, Orlon, communicate with you from the craft stationed above your mountain locality. WE COME IN PEACE. This is the title of my address to you upon this occasion.

As the midnight hour approaches for change upon your planet, we state to you categorically: WE Come in PEACE. Our mission with your peoples is one of enlightenment, is indeed, one of rescue from the morasses of the lower mind of Earthman: Rescue in the sense of bringing that enlightenment which gives release, which gives evolution into that greater self which Man, in essence, IS. We speak of a midnight hour; we speak of changes, changes vast and tremendous on the face of planet Earth: Changes of frequency, of density, of consciousness of being.

Little understanding is evinced by your peoples in the mass concerning the nature of thought or thought forms, and powers have been released and are being released through the tampering of Mind with drugs and with other forms of unnatural release of energies. Unless these are fully understood and utilized with understanding, the effects are disastrous in the fourth etheric level beyond the physical third-dimensional sphere. Forces have been released through the tampering with Mind in individuals unevolved spiritually and unable to control the energies thus released from deepest levels of subconscious being. Your peoples have spoken, perhaps deridingly, of monsters from the "Id." We speak of monsters coming from the depths of the subconscious Mind, of fear patterns, of violence being released in mass movements into the ethers during the last five of your years--most particularly during this last FIVE of your years.

The control of Mind and the releasing of its patterns at many levels may only be accomplished through the assistance of an evolved being. The fall of the ancient civilization, of the ancient continent known at ATLANTIS upon your planet, took place when the powers of Mind were perverted and utilized for evil purposes by men who had no spirituality of being. Once again, materialism in all its grossness attempts to pervert the forces of Mind that many may be controlled by a few. At this time many attempt to experience those things which lie beyond the physical. However, in the releasing of these patterns, without the assistance of evolved beings of light, tremendous havoc is being created, both for individuals and also for groups of peoples, adding to the general instability manifest within the magnetic frequencies of the planet itself so soon to undergo change. More than it is possible to absorb is taking place.

Prepare yourselves in consciousness, without fear, with knowledge, with understanding, with love and in stability of being for the changes which come.

Our mission is one of enlightenment under the auspices of the Solar Tribunal and the Galactic Tribunals governing this section of Space.

I, Orlon, spokesman for many, return you to your own interpreter, our channel and our sister, even as all are our brothers and sisters in Light.

May the One Light be yours and may you be at one with it.

Adonai vassu. In the Light of our All-Knowing One, we bid you, Farewell.

Channeled by Marianne Francis, June 3, 1967, at the SOLAR LIGHT CENTER, Rt. 2, Box 572-J, Central Point, Oregon 97501.

To those who wish to know more of this cycle, further understanding can be gathered at the FREE UNIVERSITY OF SEATTLE, Friday evenings at 8:30, where THE NEW AGE class is currently underway, offering a series of speakers on subjects such as prophecy, earth changes, reincarnation, cleansing-of-self (thru diet, Yoga and meditation), shelters and survival, psychic experiences, etc. Also on KRAB-FM a new program can be heard (hopefully) Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays at 6:30 pm called "MESSAGES FROM SPACE," including the ICARUS prediction for June 1968.

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LETTERS

Dear Sirs:

It is incredibly difficult to convince the average American that much of the material life he so relishes is dependent on resources from abroad, and that we have neither all the resources we need nor even sufficient reserves of the resources we have to maintain our present levels of consumption.

What we don't have, science will find substitutes for -- If we don't have it we will buy it. The average American knows only that he can buy what he wants at his auto dealer or furniture store etc. He confuses "dollar power" with real wealth and has no realization that dollar power may be more ephemeral than eternal. He lives in the illusion that if the world were to boycott the U.S., he would live as well as he does now--and maybe even better, because then he would not have to provide foreign aid. HOWEVER, it has been estimated that, given continuing rates of growth and consumption, the U.S. in the next decade will have 9.5% of the world's population and would consume 83% of all the raw materials produced by the entire world. (Source: L. Frank Jr. Exec. Director of I.C.P.P. of N.Y.C.)

The proliferation of population, if it continues at the present rate or even a reduced rate for another DECADE will almost certainly make the continuation of democracy in the U.S. impossible. The U.S. cannot continue to consume a totally disproportionate share of the world's wealth without exacerbating every international-relations problem. The recent riots in our cities forecast what we can expect from the world of have-nots exposed by telstar, movies, and the print media to the U.S. affluence.

The war in Vietnam and the "wars" in our inner cities have much in common. Both demonstrate that the have-nots are not going to accede quietly to the U.S. power. If the poor of the world ever finally decide that U.S. democracy is a luxury the world cannot afford, then all our modern weaponry will not save it. Our insane perversion, i.e., emphasis on weapons of death rather than weapons of life, predicts doom that only each of us must try to combat.

When Americans concentrate on perfecting their own democratic institutions, as though any national were an island, they frequently overlook the fact that the luxury even to examine solutions, much less envision their adoption, is based on their affluence--and their affluence is based on the raw materials and labour of much of the underdeveloped world. Americans ignore the fact that they are one out of sixteen people in the world, and that to support that affluence they use more than 50% of the world's non-replaceable raw materials.

I suggest strongly that this luxury will not be tolerated in this world much longer. The Food and Agriculture Organizations tell us each day more than ten thousand people die of starvation. With continuing trends in fertility and lags in food production this figure will be minuscule a decade from now. Out affluent society though will spend seven billion dollars in new weapon systems this year but only 7% of this figure on improving food technology and less than nothing for the techniques for family planning.

Sincerely,
D.H. Somerville

Dear Helix,

Tim Harvey did a super job of reporting the little riot instigated by the Shazam Society at Current Editions Gallery a couple of weeks ago. I was particularly pleased by Tim's insight in perceiving the psychological-philosophical subtleties that gnawed beneath the surface of the joy and mayhem, especially in noticing the way the Happening was "allowed" to build gradually from a rather typical, rigid, inane social-entertainment situation into a pagan ritual of free-expression.

But while it is true that our little money-roast gave a few members of Seattle's cultural establishment another opportunity to reveal themselves as the simple-minded swine we've always known them to be, Mrs. Bagley Wright was extremely open toward the event and had almost as many meaningful comments about it as had Tim.

Mrs. Wright is a kind, generous and intelligent woman. And in the complex arena of contemporary painting and sculpture, I do not know of any person in the N.W. quite as hip as she.

In fact, Mrs. Wright's awareness is a good illustration of the reasons why the current Revolution is not founded on such old-fashioned and unrealistic concepts as poor vs. rich. The presence of wealth is no more a measure of a being's ultimate worth than the absence of it. Economic questions are obsolete.

You can have a Revolution with or without money. But you can't have a Revolution without love.

Viva Revolution!

Tom Robbins

In the name of God
What can we do
To halt the senseless
Slaughter in Vietnam?
Arthur C. DeWitt

LSP-3957 STEREO

Feliciano!



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RECORDING





BILL SCOTT

22

MASH

The MEDIA-MASH was designed as a benefit. The two of us KRAB and HELIX spent an infectious energy (the kind that wears the body into flu) figuring delightful ways to make money. We made only a little, and for that we can blame, perhaps, the good weather. About 1500 people showed and about 1100 of those paid. After 1430 dollars in expenses 1100 was left, and that we split. That leaves the paper with a debt somewhere near 2500 and KRAB with something comparable.

Such Grand-Mashes are we think -now- a celebration of the past. Its simply a somewhat deflating drag to be holed up in an auditorium for 12 hours. Now, what we need are more PIANO DROPS. And it was anticipating THE piano drop that kept alot of people away from the Mash last Sunday. That, perhaps, more that the weather was responsible for the thin crowd.

Despite the failure of three groups to show--FAT JACK (without a BASS) TALL TIMBERBOYS (without BANJO) and THE GREAT EXCELSIOR JAZZ BAND (without a drummer) the MASH slipped along smoothly. The flexible disposition of EASY CHAIR helped alot. They filled in when needed. Musically, there were certain revelations. Like the lead guitar for Omar. A Freshman -- in H.S. -- he was billed earlier by his own as able to do it all. By the age of 16 he probably will. The TIME MACHINE is very tight and clean. In the year since we last heard them BLUES INTERCHANGE has also tightened up considerably. And the FERN seems to be at it again. COSMIC FUNK - a name originated in the late throes of promotion - does the thing JAZZ must do now if its to be entered into by the ROCK ear: drive. And the lights while spotty-- and this can be expected having to sustain through 12 hours-- were for the most part what we remember best from the old Lux Cit and Dance. But the real highlight of the entire evening was easily John Bixlers, low-pressure funky MCing.

Now this Sunday we wait for the more literal sequel to the MEDIA MASH, namely the PIANO DROP. This will without doubt prove to be THE SINGULAR MUSICAL EVENT OF THE YEAR. Some have complained about the demise of the piano. We assure them that this is all planned, and out of a great disorder comes a great order. Or, our musical sacrelidge is tactical, and we only wish we had a Steinway and not a St. Vinne's. Country Joe and Fish will also be present, and festivities will begin around 12 noon. The absolute piano will be dropped a little after 3 pm. Tickets are one dollar and can be pre-purchased at the ID, DISCOUNT RECORDS, CAMPUS MUSIC, HELIX OR KRAB. If you have a car and can give some one a ride or if you need a ride assemble in front of the ID anywhere between 10 and 2 SUNDAY.



SCOOP

The P-I's coverage of the Washington Athletic Club's annual smoker, considering the hassle the P-I went through (female reporter disguised as cigarette girl slipping into a beer blast disguised as a hippy happening) was some what insipid.

A Helix cameraman--disguised as a beer baron as a happenner--was able to take a few meatier photos, which we have reproduced here. (Really).

Our photog reports "My God, it looked like a fat Coffee Corral...people smoking No-Doz...a middle aged druggist covered with peanut butter chasing after some poor naked working girl moaning 'Dig me, I'm crunchy! Dig me I'm smooth and crunchy!!' finally leaping from a chair, neatly bugging a slide projector...handballs flying everywhere...I've never seen anything so mind-manifesting in my life!"

POP
POP
POP



On Sunday the fourteenth day of April the Red Robin Roughriders, a loose organization of freaks, crowded into the Red Robin Tavern and, at exactly 9:00 pm. (Bartime) erupted into wild melee of flying popcorn, feathers, beer, and frolicing fun stimulated by the euphoric, appetite stimulating, and time distorting effects of that which is most consumed at the Robin, beer.

Sam, owner and bartender, asked a roughrider freak if the people really enjoyed throwing feathers and popcorn around, and the freak replied psychedelically, "Yeah, its a groove!" If they had fun Sam thought it was all right then, even if his tavern floor was covered with an inch layer of popcorn and pillow feathers. A pretty outrageous thought for a gray-haired Jewish businessman.

The Roughriders stayed after closing and helped clean up, which prompted Sam's conclusion, "You're not a bad bunch of guys after all!" It was indeed a splendid evening for all.

Both photo (view from side) & writ by N.S.S. John

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WANTED. Live in companion for mother of family. Applicant must be female, over 21, room, board, \$20 a week for light housekeeping. Call LA 2 0054, or LA 5 6185.

HELP!! FUGITIVE FROM THE UW HAS LARGE HOUSEBOAT AND IS IN DESPERATE NEED OF A SWEET FEMALE TO STROKE HIS FEVEROUS BROW, DUST HIS FURNITURE, AND OTHERWISE CONSOLE HIM. EA 3 1096

THE LIGHT FANTASTIC light shows and effects. call Mike 878- 2327.

MALE NUDES, color prints. All photo-finishing services. Full color catalog \$3 to PO Box 1151, Tacoma, Wash. 98401. BUTCH GROOVY GUYS!!!

Janet Pipes, age 12. Missing since April 14. Please call 8 0443 if you have information. Thank you. We Love You.

HELIX-KRAB MEDIA MASH PHOTOS. SET OF 5, 8x10's, B&W's only \$2.00. COSMIC PHOTO SERVICE. BOX 111, Redmond, Wash. 98052.



JUST THE FACTS, MAM--Spring is the time to enjoy the company of an interesting man--EXHIBIT A: Professional man, 32, sensitive, thoughtful, likes jazz, cinema, skiing, hiking, camping, good cars, traveling and exploring the NW byways. Seeks to find woman of similar interests for companionship and fun--If interested and sincere drop a note to Box 15441 Wedgewood Station, 98115, so we can exchange pertinent info and perhaps meet for supper to get acquainted.

FREE UNIVERSITY NEEDS AN EXCELLENT SECRETARY FOR SUMMER. ME 2 2299.

Closing in three days 50% to 90% off on all posters and other stuff. open this Saturday, Monday and Tuesday only, from noon to six...choice items still remain...Art Underground Unlimited, 4757 Roosevelt Way NE.

GIRLS WANTED FOR ENTERTAINING POSITIONS: No dancing experience needed. Pay up to \$50.00 an evening. Write P.O. Box 403, Everett.

HEALTHY FEMALE, 21-35, TO ASSIST WITH RESEARCH PROJECT PART TIME. SOME ACQUAINTANCE WITH BOOK OF MASTERS AND JOHNSON NECESSARY. ABOVE AVERAGE COMPENSATION. Write HSRR, Suite 102, 1600 Forty-third Ave. E. 98102.

Rock version of Star Spangled Banner Same words, different changes and lead. Groovy! Sacreligious! Open with the Nationals Anthem! Free to any gaud who will do it. John Wittwer, EA 3 5464 or LA 5 4737. (Magic Fern go away).

LIGHT SHOW SLIDES AND PARAPHENALIA Write to FOCUS, 1339 Franklin Apt. 3 Bellingham, Wash.

Cosmic Photo Service--We print anything confidence guaranteed, Black and White only, Film developed--\$.75 per roll; Prints- 8x10 - \$.75, each 5x7- \$.50 each. Box 111, Redmond, Wash. 98052.



AUNT TUNNIE MUST FIND JOEY. 21, brown hair, blue eyes, glasses, tall, "Featherfoot" Urgent! Call AT 2 2438

MALE GRAD, 40, WANTS TO MEET FEMALE FOR SWINGING OR MUTUAL FUN, Box 541, 507 3rd Ave.



CAPABLE MEN AVAILABLE TO PLEASE FEMALES. SEND YOUR INFO TO: Jerome, 3428 62 SW, Seattle.

White male, 27, college grad., seeks affections of dark haired gals under 40. Call PA 2 9563. Tues. and Weds. only, 5pm to 6 pm only.

CLOSING IN THREE DAYS 50% to 90% off on all posters and other stuff open this Saturday, Monday and Tuesday only, from noon to six...choice items still remain...Art Underground Unlimited, 4757 Roosevelt Way NE.

MEDITATION BLUES for metabolic disorders with Thym-Ray. ME 4 0682.

Models needed for figure, cheesecake and arcade type photography. High pay--short hours. Will be in Seattle soon. If you are female, attractive, uninhibited and need quick money, send description, photo and phone number to Mr. R. Griffin, 406 South Second Street, Alhambra, California, 91802.

ATTRACTIVE GUYS! APPS. ACCTPD. WEST COAST FOR MALE MODELS. Young, good bods. App: ICCA, PO Box 1151, Tacoma, Wash. 98401; PO Box 6101, Stanford, Calif. 94305. APPLY NOW!!!

It's now different. Exclusively for offbeat fashion enthusiasts. THE EMPATHY CLUB. Nothing like it anywhere. Write: Empathy Club, 1321 3rd Ave. Seattle, Washington 98101.

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White male 20, is searching for affections of loving bird under 35. 543-0305 any night after 9.

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23

Girl 21-25 who types needed by incipient MD during internship in Cal. Pay to be arranged. HONEST OFFER--NO STRINGS. Trade your rut for an unusual year. EA 4 4831.

PHD WOULD LIKE TO MEET CLEAN ATTRACTIVE LIBERAL MINDED FEMALE COMPANION WHO LIKES BEACHES AND OUTDOORS. Fred RO 2 9787. ANYTIME.

Young couple needs live in babysitter Chick only. EA 2 5274.

If you are interested in light shows, THE LYSERGIC LYTE CO. is selling most, maybe all of its equipment. STROBES, OVERHEADS, SLIDE PROJECTORS, MOVIE PROJECTORS, BLACKLIGHTS, AND OTHER ODDS AND ENDS. Call Jerry at EA 5 2150 P.S. We still do light shows.

PILE IN

theatre

THE MILK TRAIN DOESN'T STOP HERE ANY MORE-- Stage 1, 87 Pike St., Fri. & Sat. thru May 4, 8:30 pm, \$2.00.

SIX CHARACTERS IN SEARCH OF AN AUTHOR--U.W. Showboat Theatre, foot of 15th, April 25, 26, 27, 8:30 pm, \$1.25, Students \$.75.

SLOW DANCE ON THE KILLING GROUND--A.C.T. 709 1st Ave. W. Opening May 8. To be followed by "EH?", "Royal Hunt of the Sun," "The Lion in Winter," "Black Comedy," "Big Nose Mary is Dead," "A Delicate Balance," and "Waiting for Godot." Subscribers see 7 for the price of 5.

THE GREAT AMERICAN DESERT & THE CLOWN PLAY. Ensemble Theatre, Occidental, Thru May.

films

SALLAH & THE FUTURE PERILS OF LAUREL & HARDY Edgemont Theatre, 415 Main St., Edmonds, thru April 29.

LA GUERRE EST FINIE-- Ridgemont Theatre, 7720 Greenwood North.

THE FOX-- Uptown Theatre, 511 Queen Anne Ave.

PLANET OF THE APES-- Coliseum, 500 Pike St.

NEW YORK FILM COOP UNDERGROUNDS--Rivoli, 111 Madison.



Hubcaps

ILLEGAL USE OF DRUGS-- Alki Fieldhouse, April 29, 7:30. Sponsored by civic groups and Seattle Police Dept.

NW RAIL EXCURSION TO BLAINE PEACE ARCH CELEBRATION May 5. Leave Seattle 8:30 am, arrive Edmonds 11:30. Leave Blaine 4pm return Seattle 7 pm. \$4.60 adults, \$2.30 children, \$.25 children under 5. Tickets: Send money to Northwest Rail Excursion, 538 NE 98th St., Seattle. 98115 w/a stamped self-addressed envelope.

Galleries

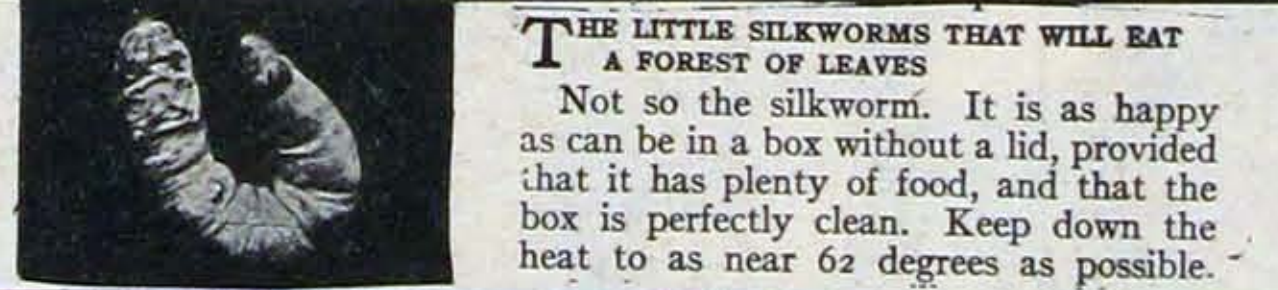
PLASTICS WEST COAST-- Seligman Gallery, 4727 University Way NE. Mon.-Sat., 11-4, Thurs. 1-9.

BATIKS, SCULPTURE & POTTERY-- Northwest Craft Center, Seattle Center, 11-6 daily except Monday.

GREGORY & SHIMAZAKI-- Anderson Gallery, 133 14th NE. Mon.-Sat. 10-4. Sunday 1-6.

AFRICAN SCULPTURE & THE HEERA MANECK COLLECTION GIFT-- Seattle Art Museum, Volunteer Park, 14th E and E. Prospect. Weekdays 10-5, Thurs. 7-10 pm., Sun. noon-5pm.

JAMES W. WASHINGTON JR.-- The Gallery, 311 Occidental S., Weekdays 9-5, Sun. 1-5.



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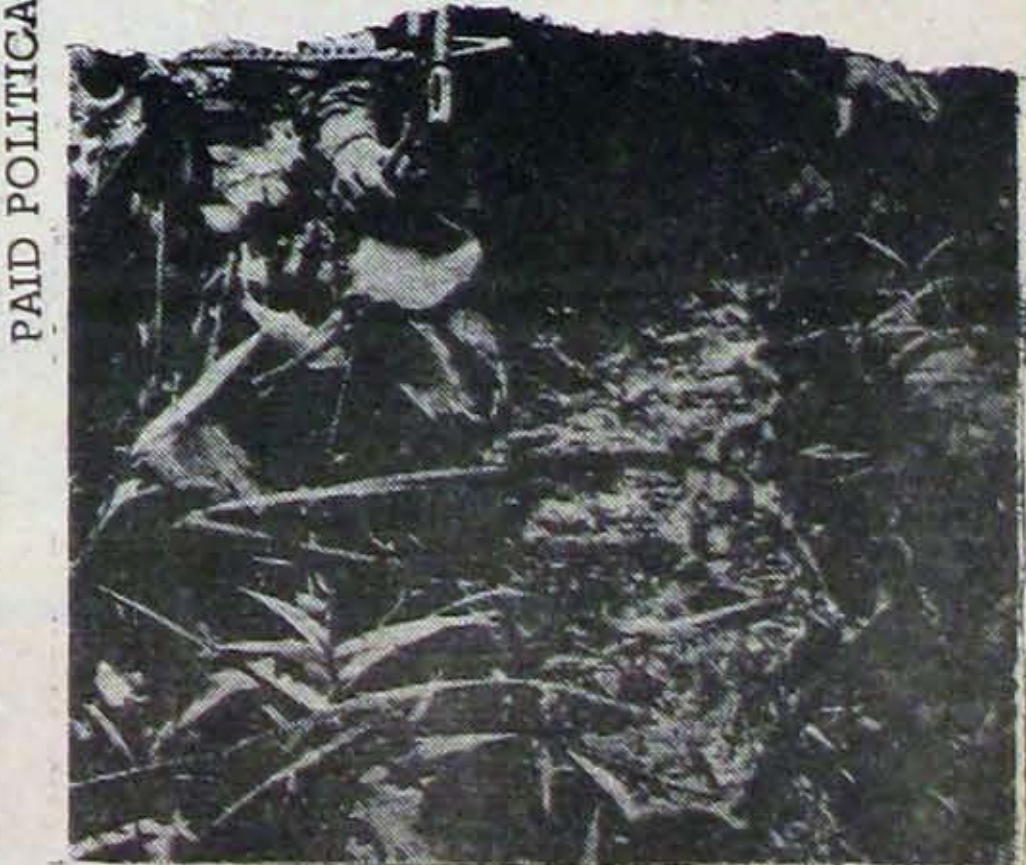
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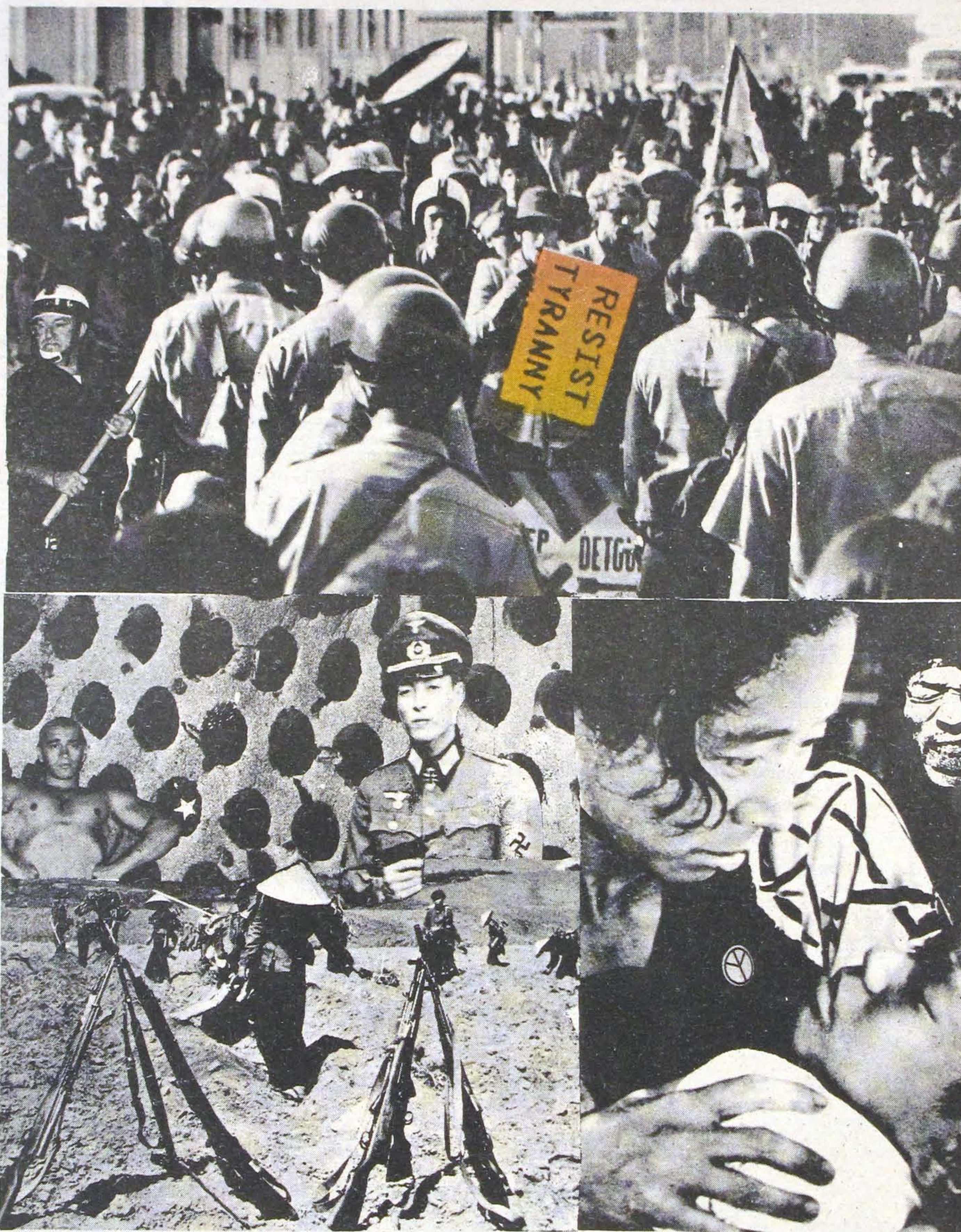
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march to city center for rally